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STALIN'S REVENGE

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

IN 1926, when all concerned with the Trotskyist Opposition movement were beginning to find themselves in a serious plight, Karl Radek was engaged upon a study of a certain pamphleteer whom he was wont to hail as the earliest Russian journalist. This man lived at the time of Ivan the Terrible, and, I remember, Radek took a special delight in quoting one of his aphorisms : " Playing politics never pays unless you risk your head." Now, Radek is pre-eminently a brilliant man of letters, not merely a fanatical politician. He takes a delight in dramatizing his own situation, he is not content simply to shape circumstances according to his purpose. Even though at that time he was being obliged to wrestle with his innermost feelings and was already yerging on desperation, he saw clearly and with no little satisfaction that his position was one which would make a pretty good show in history.

So much for Radek, an unusual personality. But what I feel is that the attitude of mind of that precursor of his about whom he wrote—living in the bloody period of the ruthless Ivan—is actually that of all the Kremlin people. Their conception of politics is completely different from ours in the West. They are quite incapable of understanding the idea of politics as a " sport," they cannot imagine the private existence of a politician as something separate from his public role. In the Kremlin they have no use for the sporting spirit of Western democracy. For them politics is quite literally the struggle for existence. It is not easy to make out whether this was the case from the beginning. But the more one seeks to penetrate below the surface into Stalin's role since he became General Secretary of the Party at the time of the civil war—a title which he adopted off his own bat—the clearer it becomes that in political life there is for him only black

and white : in other words, he knows only utterly devoted supporters or unmitigated adversaries ; and for the latter there can be nothing but destruction.

In his will, which was at first made known to the party in a spurious text, Lenin pronounced judgment on Stalin in devastating terms—" uncouth " and " limited." That testament was drafted when the friction between Stalin and Lenin, the latter stricken with his fatal illness, had already led to a break between the two men. When one considers the subsequent fate of the men round Lenin, his death on January 21st, 1924, would seem to have come just in time. The vehement words which Lenin found to describe the present ruler of the Soviet Union breathe utter contempt. If, however, Stalin bethought himself that his political adversary was risking his head—as he had always been prepared to risk his head throughout his political career—and consequently it behoved him to take that judgment in grim earnest ; if indeed he has waged a relentless struggle against others occupying positions of power in the Kremlin, he has never employed the ruthless methods which Lenin's will would have led us to expect. He has not gone for his opponents with a cudgel ; what he has done is slowly but surely to strangle them. The shootings in the Lubianka or Butirky prisons have merely dotted the i's and crossed the t's. Anyone who saw the faces of Kamenev or Zinoviev in 1928 when they peered out of the same building where Joffe, the former Ambassador of the Soviet Union in Berlin and Tokyo, had committed suicide, must have seen how they realized that they were " for it," eight years before they actually faced the firing-squad. The same awareness of what was coming to him was to be observed in the face of Sokolnikov six months before he was sentenced—so they say who saw him—and in the face of Rykov as he slunk through the streets in December last.

The trial of Kamenev and Zinoviev at the end of 1936, the charges against Sokolnikov, formerly Ambassador in London, against Radek, a world-famous publicist and closest adviser of Trotsky for many years, though his advice was rarely heeded, the case against Piatakov, who was with Sokolnikov one of the most important economic brains of Red Russia, against Serebriakov, formerly a highly-esteemed expert in transport questions—

these proceedings really began seventeen or eighteen years ago in the tortuous and ambitious mind of Stalin.

In 1917 there was that stand of Lenin and Bukharin against Trotsky in the internal struggle which arose in connection with the peace of Brest-Litowsk, a settlement which Lenin regarded as absolutely necessary. Then there were the acrimonious exchanges concerning the role of the trade unions. And there were any number of other battles going on inside the party. Were they life-issues? Some of those who participated went down in the fight, but they remained alive in cold storage. The inner circle of men round Lenin continued to delude themselves. Stalin, however, was already at work on the assumption that heads were at stake. At that time he was scarcely visible, a quite secondary personage. During the civil wars, however, while he was biding his time in exposed positions down on the Volga, remote from fame or even due recognition, his hatred of Trotsky became a grim determination—Trotsky, who was getting monuments erected to himself, who at that time was always mentioned in the same breath as Lenin.

Inside the party itself Stalin's position was already then in 1921-22, an important one. He was making it his business to organize the party, quietly and unostentatiously. And he, Stalin, was doing it all on his own. The " others " were busy on high policy, or were thrashing out fundamental differences of principle. So it was that he appointed 40,000 party secretaries, all men after his own heart. " Tough guys." When Lenin died, the diplomats in Moscow were puzzling their brains as to who should be his successor. In the event the succession passed over from the Council of People's Commissars, over which Lenin used to preside, to the Politbureau of the Party, the body which Stalin through years of relentless effort had made his own peculiar instrument. In the Politbureau he proceeded to fight and defeat the Leninist section.

The foregoing is our picture, in European terms, of that ceaseless stuggle which has now ended in these trials. But it is incomplete. If in the contest between the Stalin and Lenin groups it had been only a question of differences of opinion, the various trials and their results could never be adequately ex-

plained, if indeed at all. There is a whole substratum of deep-lying passions to be taken into account, and it is those passions which have endowed Stalin with such energy and drive as he has shown, both in his own actions and in the self-discipline he has exerted to achieve his ends.

The men round Lenin, and Lenin himself, were a constant humiliation of Stalin's pride in those early years of heroic gestures and demagogic glamour. Stalin was the barbarian, the ignoramus and untutored provincial. The men round Lenin had equipped themselves in the security of their different Western asylums for the day of revolution with the complete fit-out of European education and culture. They could speak to the world proletariat in several languages. They were men possessed of an intellectual resilience which often sprang from their race. Although Stalin, a Caucasian, cannot be called an anti-Semite on principle, he is in practice a foe of the Jews. He has never got over the witticisms at his expense which Radek used to delight in. He has not forgotten the superior attitude adopted towards him. And in the early years Lenin could not very well do without him ; for Stalin accomplished a number of practical and unsavoury but very necessary tasks, and never lost his head in the clouds of ideology which exercised such a fascination over the other collaborators of Lenin.

During those years Stalin was accumulating in his soul hatred and scorn for those " chattering " Europeans who were really so ignorant of what was necessary to bring the good ship Revolution safely into harbour. He was co-operating closely all the time with the G.P.U. And Stalin realized that the tide of enthusiasm would ebb, that it would one day come down to a question of brute force and that he would then get his revenge. So he went on with his own particular business and let the " Europeans " rush on to their destruction. One day he would manage to get the best of them in the Party, one day they would be begging for mercy. Their names were too closely connected with the Revolution for anything to be accomplished swiftly. The blow that would strike them down must be prepared in the safety of obscurity. And, after all, revenge is all the sweeter for being savoured over a long period.

The long and lingering process of Stalin's revenge is a pheno-

menon of the first importance in history. When one considers the disposition of forces in the party after the civil wars, and indeed after Lenin's death; when one measures the prestige of the opponents of this man who has risen from the unfathomable depths of Russia, it appears to be one of the miracles of our time that the history of the Soviet Union should have been so utterly perverted, the revolution in its most significant features be virtually wiped out. Here is the non-European aspect of the trials which we can hardly grasp at all.

As to the particular circumstances that have determined Stalin to bring about this recent trial or the previous one, that is quite another question. Again, it is a long story. In 1929 Trotsky, who on January 28th had been banished to the borders of Sinkiang, procured a safe conduct to leave Russia. Between four and five thousand of his supporters were with him in exile, some of them living under fearful conditions and many of them dying before the year was out. That departure of Trotsky for the islands of Prinkipo was a wretched betrayal of them—for Trotsky had done nothing for them. The majority thereupon surrendered to Stalin. Anyone who saw them when they came back in August 1929, and heard their indignation and rage with Trotsky—Radek among them—must find it hard to imagine that in the land of the G.P.U. they should have started conspiring with him again. For them Trotsky had always been a great mind, but certainly not a great political tactician. On many occasions Radek had deliberately taken the blame in the struggles after 1924 in order to cover Trotsky's mistakes.

But Trotsky, even as a fugitive, was a perpetual thorn in the flesh of Moscow, an instrument of cleavage in Moscow's world revolutionary action. For Radek and Piatakov he was dead and finished with, but not for Stalin. His personality afforded a continual rallying-point for the younger generation in Russia. For years, and more and more patently, Stalin has been set up as a proper object for the devotion and admiration of Russian youth, for the affection, indeed, of the whole Russian nation—and the way in which it was done has sometimes been devoid of all decency and taste; yet Stalin knows only too well that there is no sort of magnetism about his arid and hard-cored personality. This very feeling has kept alive the flame of hatred against the

" orators." It is this lack of any personal charm, his awareness of it, which is the Achilles heel of Stalin. In the same way the consciousness of his deficiencies from the point of view of culture explains his dislike of all things " European." That again ensured his turning against all the brilliant men who stood near to Lenin, against the whole " European " orientation.

So it was that Trotsky was there all the time, invisible. And the enterprise must be carried out, as it has been carried out, until the last of them had been put out of the way ; then there would be nothing more to remind him of Trotsky. Radek may now genuinely detest and repudiate Trotsky, all the same he stands forth as representing the spirit of Trotsky ; in Stalin's mind and by the essence of his place in the revolutionary movement he forms for Stalin a single unity with Trotsky. For Stalin in political affairs everything is "absolute. He is the author and begetter of the monolithic State, the bitter foe of any deviation from the " party line." And here is Trotsky coming into the picture again with the catastrophic developments in Spain, though that must be Moscow's revolution and nothing to do with Oslo. The moment had arrived, then.

The course of the trial is the clearest evidence that the charges were trumped up ; in his remarks to the chief accused as well as the State functionaries Radek talked of Piatakov's visit to Trotsky as of something which everyone knew about. And Piatakov made no bones about it. But Hr. Knudsen, a deputy of the Storting, has credibly informed us that no aeroplane ever came to Oslo in those critical months of November and December, 1935 ! This particular incident was the only one on which any evidence could be brought in the whole material brought together to make the charges. And the result was definitely negative. That doesn't worry Vyshinsky or Stalin, however. As far as the rest of the world is concerned—well, we have had any number of cases showing that Moscow swears by the *semper aliquid haeret* doctrine. The whole trial is to be explained by considerations of internal policy—in so far as it is explicable in rational terms, that is, apart from Stalin's emotional impulses.

As I have suggested above, Trotsky had been awkwardly brought into the foreground again by the events in Spain, and he was still in the imagination of Soviet youth a long-distance

competitor of Stalin. And that is not the complete story. The whole situation in the Soviet Union has shifted during the past year. The new constitution, with its democratic veneer, has conjured up new possibilities—at any rate in theory—for the life of the individual, has established on paper certain rights which actually, for all their unreality, are bound to have their consequences. We have no reason for regarding the modified constitution as anything but a final bow to the West, with which for years the Soviets have been so anxious to keep their connections. And it is also possible that the change is part and parcel of the obvious trend of the Soviet Government in recent years to relieve the strain on the mass of the population. The rulers' preoccupation with the danger of war was what originated this tendency. The men in the Kremlin said to themselves that if there were an emergency they could only rely upon a minimum of voluntary support among the population generally, and there was always the risk that a war might set free the forces against the Government that had been carefully repressed. Consequently the rights of the family have been restored, continuity with the old cultural traditions of Russia is being preached—and a great and potent tradition it was—and a constitution has been drafted which maintains the fiction at any rate that every citizen of the Soviet Union possesses a minimum of self-respect as befits a civilized person.

And then Stalin became appalled at the consequences of his own handiwork. There were straightway signs of freer speech and evidence of the expression of independent political opinion. An example had to be made. The striking-power and determination of the Government had to be demonstrated. And this fitted in admirably with Stalin's wish to eliminate completely and ostentatiously any focal points for a second political party within the Communist ranks, let alone his firm intention of smothering the slightest ambitions of a pretender to the seat of power. Stalin is as obsessed with suspicion as ever was Abdul Hamid. All these various factors combined together to make the set-up of forces in a country which, under Bolshevik rule, had invented the horrible system of "preventive punishment."

Now, it is quite possible, indeed it is probable, that many, if not all, of the accused had in their inmost hearts committed the

great crime against Stalin, and the further sin of talking about it in private. Radek, so facile of speech, has always been generous in his comment. He had confided his doubts in the presence of persons who could not be relied upon to hold their tongues, who thoughtlessly and incautiously passed on what he said. But was that really necessary for him to fall under suspicion? Did not the taciturn Sokolnikov follow the opposite course of being somewhat niggardly in express assurances of loyalty? Did he not keep too much in the background, though his eyes were everywhere? Was he not a lonely fellow, one who was never seen about with any particular group, but was just a solitary? And did not Piatakov behave in like manner, though he was less favourably regarded? Serebriakov, too: was he not noted for his impenetrable reserve? And the other accused, had they not, after all, shown a reserve and independence which was itself suspicious? Had they not one and all made themselves conspicuous by their criticism? Had they not got themselves tied up in intrigues and come near the knife in this Russia which still today thrives on the old habits of conspiracy-making? Long lists of other and fresh charges are produced. Everything must be eliminated which savours in the least of the Opposition, of the Trotskyist doctrine. . . .

But the present drive does not stop short even of the Red Army. And that is an enterprise not to be lightly undertaken. It is ten years ago since two cavalry regiments mutinied in Minsk because they had proofs that an attempt was being made to introduce the spy system of the G.P.U. in their ranks. At that time Marshal Tuchatchevsky, whose name came up in the recent trial but was hastily whitewashed, came out in favour of the two regiments and was promptly dealt with. The friction between G.P.U. and Army has always persisted. There was another attack, bound up with the whole process of "cleaning up," and Voroshilov, who openly parades that he is going to be the successor of Stalin, a sick man, has recently laid it down quite definitely that there must be no interference with the Army. Voroshilov is a good Communist, but he is under Army influence, and the soldiers are intent on the psychological necessities of war. It all makes the impression that the complete disgrace of Yagoda, after Dzerjinsky's death the life and soul

of the G.P.U., has given the new man of the State Police, Yechov, a free hand to " have a go " at the Army.

The old game begins again. Stalin once again takes refuge behind the G.P.U., without identifying himself with it. And yet it throws a vivid light on the utter callousness of his purging activities that he should send Yagoda to Turkestan. He is frightened of certain threads that bind the Lubianka, the headquarters of the G.P.U., with persons who continually boasted that they were old Bolsheviks or that they had some other particular merits which encouraged them to refuse blind support for Stalin—or even any enthusiasm for him. The way in which Yagoda has been put out of the way is characteristic of Stalin's quiet tactics. Ever since the G.P.U. turned against the collectivisation of the peasantry in 1929 and linked up with Rykov, Kalinin, Voroshilov, and the Army, Stalin has been snipping and snapping at this state within the state ; and now, in the hour of reckoning with the Leninists—for that is really the description of the accused, present and future, not Trotskyists —he has also let rip against Yagoda and his group. The wheel is nearly full circle. How deeply the rut goes into the Russian earth, what kind of reaction there may be from the disillusioned who were hoping for a fresh dawn and regarded the oppressive system of Stalin as a perilous weakening of the country in an emergency—on that one can say nothing concrete at present. There may well be surprises on a big scale, for who will venture to assess the extent of the discontent in that land of despotism where men are condemned to keep their own counsel?

These spectacular trials, two of which we have now seen, have been viewed throughout the world as a sheer scandal. The specific question arises why Stalin has paid such scant heed to the feelings of the nations on whose good will he seemed since 1932 to lay so much store. For after the first trial he must have been fully conscious of the reaction. There was a speech by Litvinov, the Soviet Foreign Commissar, in November, 1936, in the presence of important, highly-placed persons, including Stalin, which gives the explanation. In that speech Litvinov was concerned to explain that the Great Powers of the West were busy buttering up Germany and Italy with flattery instead of establishing a " peace front " with the Soviet Union against

the " dictatorships." That was only a few days after the acceptance of the " liberal " constitution ! And Litvinov went on to warn his hearers that the Soviet Union would have to start looking after itself, would withdraw into its shell, so to speak, the implication being that this would mean the ruin of all the collective peace efforts. The Moscow trial is an image of this utter indifference to Western Europe announced in such harsh terms by Litvinov. Russia is turning away from the West, and this is the beginning. Stalin proposes to concentrate on firmly securing the Soviets' power within the U.S.S.R., employing those means which he knows so well how to employ.

In short, these trials of the old Leninists reveal that whatever may change on the surface, Soviet Russia is still the same, it is what it has always been. The methods of the G.P.U. are the same under Yechov as under Yagoda. Have not the accused all come up to the scratch ? Radek alone has managed to hint that he confessed under duress. Anybody in the Soviet Union charged with being involved in a political trial, where the verdict is decided upon beforehand, will be docile enough if he has friends and dependents. In such proceedings " humane " torture has always moulded their fate. And Stalin, today and in the future, will always place his purpose of holding down 175 million people above any concessions which he may make to the practical exigencies of life.

Let it be clearly stated—in this last trial the issue of the Comintern and the demands of foreign States was being fought out. That tragic spectacle in Moscow deserves to be examined and considered in Europe in all its implications. Stalin has therein undertaken a notable self-revelation of his character and of his objectives in every direction, and, as far as the latter are concerned, he has flung down the challenge to the civilized world's notions of law quite deliberately ; in view of his ultimate purposes, doubtless, with perfect justice.

ROOSEVELT AND THE SPOILS SYSTEM

By HAB. Elliston

A GREAT innovator is seldom a great administrator. This has so far applied to President Roosevelt. In the hectic and hurried days of social reform which occupied the President's first term, the New Deal did not extend to administration ; there never seemed time for it.

Ardent New Dealers, indeed, scarcely mentioned the subject. Seated in offices dedicated to the carrying out of laws involving vast problems of administration, they used to talk enthusiastically about the need for new laws. The quicker they were passed, the better. It used to be said that such dispatch was necessary to promote recovery. The fact is that there was a fear of recovery before the reforms had been enacted. New Dealers felt that any recovery without reform would make the task of the reformer hard ; they were afraid of what Harding called " normalcy." Consequently Bills were rushed through Congress of a kind that in Britain would have been attended by a long incubating period at the hands of Royal Commissions.

This zeal for re-making America overnight extended to the White House. One of the gibes of the critics labelled the President " the Grand Improvisator." It was usually accompanied by an illustrative story. One deals with a verbose visitor to the White House who, to a nodding President, explained a method by which he could hasten some particular reform. Noticing the President's inattention, he broke in abruptly : " But Mr. President, this is something *new* ; it's never been tried before." Mr. Roosevelt immediately became all ears. " Something *new*, eh ? " he remarked, " of course we'll try it ; make a draft of a Bill, and let me have it at once."

In time the reforms produced an emergency government existing side by side with the regular government. In the three years from June, 1933, to June, 1936, Federal employees in-

creased from 578,231 to 824,259, a 43 per cent. rise. Most of them worked in the emergency agencies. Occasionally there were efforts to co-ordinate their activities. They took the form of a Presidential announcement of the appointment of a co-ordinator. Never was there such a thankless job. In the rush of new legislation, it was equivalent to regulating an earthquake. Nothing more was heard of co-ordination till another appointment was made.

The result was that the emergency government simply "growed." And it was stuck on regular government which had similiarly "growed" before it. No co-ordination existed in the two governments, let alone between them; in policy or in administration.

Lack of co-ordination breeds conflict. The New Deal has pursued its course amid many such collisions, which, in accordance with the American custom, reverberated in public. Some of them, I dare say, could be traced to the rival zeal of dynamic personalities. But at bottom the absence of system was responsible.

This chaotic situation could be illustrated endlessly. We shall restrict ourselves to the agencies for which the New Deal is best known abroad. The A.A.A. (Agricultural Adjustment Administration), engaged in raising farm prices to "parity" with factory prices, clashed with the N.R.A. (National Recovery Administration), engaged in allowing industry to band itself into cartels, whose object in life, in the United States as elsewhere, is to obtain better prices. In such circumstances criticism flew back and forth between these agencies. To the A.A.A. the aim of "closing the price scissors" seemed to be lost on a merry-go-round. Similar inconsistencies and similar conflicts marked the lack of relations between emergency and regular government. The N.R.A., armed with a warrant to waive the anti-trust laws, was for ever tripping over the Federal Trade Commission, whose *raison d'être* was to enforce them; the Department of Agriculture placidly went on with its function of encouraging bigger and better crops, while the A.A.A. was engaged in crop reduction.

Inside the regular government co-ordination has long been a will-o'-the-wisp. For the past 150 years activities have been tacked on activities without regard for appropriateness. The

result is a crazy quilt instead of an administrative machine. Prohibition enforcement—if the word enforcement is permissible—was given to the Treasury, and that department still administers the public health service. And inside that service, if Senator Smoot's observation of a decade ago is still valid, there are 46 agencies doing exactly the same work. Agriculture, not the Department of Justice, enforces the Food and Drugs Act. The Philippines are under the War Department, but the Navy looks after Guam and Samoa, while the affairs of Puerto Rico and Alaska are controlled by the Department of the Interior. National parks are the responsibility of the Interior ; the Department of Agriculture, however, watches over the national forests. Incidentally, this division of function accounts for the fact that the bears in the country are segregated into two classes for purposes of guardianship !

Even the great flood could be adduced as evidence of administrative ineptitude in this country of efficiency and " efficiency experts." It may be that such an irruption of nature could not have been averted by the puny hand of man. Undoubtedly, however, something could have been done, as it is now to be done. But partly the division of authority as between local and Federal government is to blame, though the Federal government is amply equipped with powers over America's great rivers, if not over the entire drainage basins. Partly the fault lies with the appropriating powers of Congress ; waterway legislation, like the tariff, responds to local log-rolling, instead of national needs. But, when all these allowances are made, a substratum of responsibility rests upon administrative chaos. In the statement already quoted, Senator Smoot complained that there were 37 engineer organizations in the government, each receiving an appropriation in one way or another, where one would be enough. Mr. Roosevelt's Water Resources Committee, in a report issued just prior to the floods, remarked conservatively, " A closer co-ordination of the activities of Federal agencies dealing directly or indirectly with water problems is eminently desirable."

This is the system or rather, the lack of it, that is currently handling almost 16 per cent. of the national income. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Colombia University, a man not given to over-statement, says : " Government organiz-

ation represents incompetence gone mad." This incompetence he puts down to lack of organization.

But personnel has a lot to do with incompetence. What is the position of American government in this respect? I should be the last person to cast any blanket aspersions upon the quality of American government personnel. Men more disinterested, more high-minded, more capable could not be found in any government service. The miracle is that Washington is able to keep them. For they have to live and work in an atmosphere of spoils politics and alongside incompetent but favoured placemen.

For an indictment of the spoils system almost every issue of the daily newspapers could be cited. For instance, recently Dr. Arthur E. Morgan uttered some blunt remarks on the subject. An ornament of the New Deal, Dr. Morgan is head of the Tennessee Valley Administration (T.V.A.), rated by the Socialist candidate for the Presidency as " the only Socialistic feature of the New Deal." This is what Dr. Morgan says :

> It is no secret that graft, incompetence, bureaucracy, red tape, and patronage have been realities in American government. Unless these can be brought well under control, they may devour more than does all the waste of exploration and abuse in private industry, serious as that is."

One has to go back to mid-Victorian England to appreciate the situation. The British people, except when they go to Gilbert and Sullivan operas, are apt to forget that less than seventy-five years ago their Civil Service, praised by John Gunther as " the incorruptible spinal column of England," was the prey of the spoilsman. In those days the Paymaster-General was the dispenser of patronage. He sold jobs to those who could influence votes. Corruption, inefficiency, and idleness became, in consequence, the characteristics of administrative England.

In the United States the fount of patronage is the Postmaster-General, who, in the Roosevelt administration, is the genial James A. Farley. No man has been more criticized by the purists. Recently at a dinner to Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell, one of the original " Brain Trusters," the Postmaster-General hailed him as " the second whipping boy of the administration." " I am the first," he added, beaming. Mr. Farley is the victim of a system, not the champion of it. If it were abolished, I have no

doubt that as Will Hays, former Republican Postmaster-General, forecasts, he would be the first to rejoice. There are always far more claims than can ever be satisfied. And nothing is more disagreeable in public life (unless you have the devotion to your chief that Mr. Farley has) than to be a " whipping boy."

In the old days the President was his own dispenser of patronage. There is no grimmer picture of Lincoln in the depths of the Civil War than his penned lament : " I seem like one sitting in a palace assigning apartments to importunate applicants while the structure is on fire and likely soon to perish in ashes." In leaving patronage to the Postmaster-General, Presidents may now say, as Mr. Roosevelt once said, that they do not know the political affiliations of Federal employees. The fact remains, however, that, as the result of the enormous enlargement of government, spoilsmanship under Mr. Farley has reached what in Wall Street would be called " an all-time high."

To the victors belong the spoils ! The saying, wrongly credited to Andrew Jackson, was uttered by Marcy, afterwards Polk's Secretary of State, and it celebrated the invasion of Jacksonian Democracy into Washington. That was over a century ago. In 1933 " the second Jackson " arrived in Washington. He headed two armies, one of which was an adherent of the Jacksonian spoils tradition, the other being the idealistic remakers of America, enraptured by the opportunity to serve their sorely distressed country. A motley army !

Mr. Farley's duty in respect of patronage was constantly to enlarge the reservoir for the insatiable creditors. By some heads of departments his effort to find places for loyal henchmen were stonily repulsed. Others had to give way. An expert of my acquaintance once applied for a position to a Secretary of a government department, *anglicé*, Cabinet Minister. Obviously the Secretary wanted to enlist his services. But, at a social gathering later, the Secretary asked him whether he had had " political clearance," that is, a written endorsement from a party chieftain. He hadn't ; and consequently there was no position for him.

The great sub-contractors of jobs are the members of Congress. For Mr. Farley has to sweeten their loyalty to the administration. In regard to New Deal jobs, the legislators had a quota. The

heads of the department had to have men with a certain training, it is true ; also they had their pick of the " expectant officials ; " but a typical greeting to a would-be applicant armed with a letter from Capitol Hill used to be : " Let me see. No, we cannot take on anyone from west of the Mississippi. The quota for your state is full."

I do not wish to imply that to spoils politics is attributable the inability of government to enlist the highest grade personnel. Inadequate remuneration also is to blame. Secretary Morgenthau, in the case of an Under Secretary who was advertised for, remarked, " I can pay only $10,000 for a man who could earn $100,000 elsewhere." One of the main excuses offered by " Brain Trusters " who are now leaving Washington is that they cannot " afford to stay on."

For a contrast between American and British conditions, let us glance at the highly-responsible Inland Revenue Department. The chairman of the British department receives £3,000 a year, his opposite number in the United States, called the Commissioner of Inland Revenue, receives only £2,000 a year. Even the Briton's deputy gets more than that, £2,200. There are many more Inland Revenue employees earning over £1,000 in Britain than in the United States, despite the bigger force in this country. Such a bare contrast fails to do justice to the relative inadequacy of the American officials' emoluments. It takes no account of differences in living standards. A rough estimate would, I suppose, make a £3,000 income in England go as far as £5,000 in the United States. Holidays, pensions, security of tenure—these are other factors that must be taken into consideration. They all favour the Briton. The average government employee in Washington thinks of the British Civil Service as operating in Utopia !

Over this huge and sprawling " organization " presides Mr. Roosevelt. In other countries Cabinets share the vast responsibilities of the Executive. Not so in the United States. Lincoln used to go through the form of inviting a vote on certain Presidential decisions. Whenever his own ideas were negatived, he would simply call over the roll and then add cheerfully, " The Ayes have it." To Mr. Roosevelt the Cabinet meetings seem to be relaxations from serious work. Some of the best stories told

of the insouciant President seep out of these intimate gatherings. The fact is that the Constitution intended the President personally to run the government of the United States. The Cabinet Ministers are his personal aides, responsible, strictly speaking, to him alone, not to Congress.

Then there are the chiefs of the emergency government. They are not united by a common faith in Democracy with a political D, but by a zeal to re-make America. However, the last say in how it shall be re-made, after the authority has been granted by Congress, lies with Mr. Roosevelt. He is the " boss " ; even, as the country ashamedly noted, in respect of the details of approving thousands of isolated and far-away relief projects. The responsibility for this latter task alone made his life " dangerous living," politically.

And, finally, Mr. Roosevelt is the one and only national officer representative of the entire nation. No President has recognized this function more zealously than has Mr. Roosevelt. He makes his reports twice weekly through the press conferences. On special occasions he conducts what the newspaper men call " seminars," intended to give the President an opportunity of explaining in detail the true inwardness of important legislation. Under Mr. Roosevelt the press conference has been called " the fourth branch of government."

Mr. Roosevelt himself has said that he has to close down the government for days at a time when he has to prepare important recommendations to Congress. Truly the President must be the busiest man in the entire world ; unnecessarily so, as he is also the most responsible.

As one of the main tasks of his second administration, consequently, Mr. Roosevelt has asked Congress for powers to make a sweeping reorganization of the administrative machinery. In brief, the plan provides for the absorption of the hundred or so alphabetical bureaus, corporations *et al.* into twelve Cabinet Departments ; the creation of new Cabinet posts of Social Welfare and Public Works, which would make the portfolios number 12 ; an all-inclusive Civil Service under an American Sir Warren Fisher, aided by a Civil Service Commission and a citizens' committee ; an expanded White House staff more or less after Mr. Lloyd George's war-time model of a Cabinet

Secretariat, with Sir Maurice Hankey's " passion for anonymity ; " the expansion and re-naming of the Department of the Interior to embrace the whole and growingly important field of conservation ; increased compensation for administrative officers. The proposal is based upon a Report which may take its place among state papers having to do with the problems of government alongside the Heathcote-Trevelyan Report which led to the establishment of the modern British Civil Service in 1870.

It is a breath-taking request that Mr. Roosevelt makes to Congress. For, as Walter Lippmann says, it seeks to cure " the organic political defects of Federal government." Much of the trouble in administration derives from the perennial conflict in American government between the separate branches of government : Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary. In theory each is independent ; in practice there is not only constant strife as to which is *primus inter pares*, but a constant, and often unconscious, overlapping of function. Mr. Roosevelt would make the border line between Congress and President clear and distinct.

Much was said in Mr. Roosevelt's first term of the unconstitutional powers which he obtained (" usurped " was the word used by Republicans) from Congress. Not so much was said of the interference of Congress with plainly Executive functions. Regulatory laws have been passed in the administration of which commissions have been set up responsible to nobody ; such commissions as the Inter-state Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commissions, the Securities and Exchange Commission. They have become a " headless fourth branch of Government." When President Roosevelt removed one of the commissioners, whom the President appoints " with the advice and consent of the Senate " for a term of years, the Supreme Court ruled that Mr. Roosevelt had exceeded his powers. Thus the Executive power has really been adulterated by the galaxy of commission government which Congress has authorized in furtherance of economic regulation.

In granting the Executive the funds with which to carry out government purposes, moreover, Congress seventeen years ago appointed an Accountant-General, who exercises a kind of pre-audit over Executive spending. In Mr. Roosevelt's regime he has been a little President. Congressional appropriations,

in spite of the Supreme Court's insistence upon the specific, can never be wholly specific. So the Accountant-General is endowed with a veto right over expenditure. On one occasion to my knowledge he allowed a committee to be set up in connection with a relief project, then, after the committee had assembled, he suddenly decided that it was irregular, and withdrew the appropriation. A special appropriation had to be rushed through Congress in order to regularize the situation. On another occasion his office objected to the word " planning " in a committee's title, and it had to be changed to " Resources " ; otherwise it would have obtained no funds.

All this would be changed under the new proposals and the commissions would be brought under the President's roof. About this reform there is much controversy. It is urged that, while the President is asking for new tools, he is really asking for more powers ; in this case judicial powers for the Commissions are the kind of administrative tribunals that Lord Hewart abhors wholeheartedly. On balance it would seem that as to their administrative functions the plan of putting them under the President's jurisdiction is preferable to keeping them headless.

The abolition of patronage is the reform that rivets popular attention. On reflection I do not think that Congress will balk at this reform as much as might be supposed. The traffic is prized because it is competitive. If everybody is denied patronage, everybody in the end will be satisfied, perhaps relieved. This, at any rate, was the experience in England after Mr. Gladstone's famous order of 1870 setting up the present Civil Service system in Britain. The Trollopes grumbled. But the cleansing of the Augean stables had a purifying effect which made the entire population grateful. And what a benefit to good government ! It was Graham Wallas, I believe, who wrote that the change constituted England's solitary contribution to political theory in the nineteenth century.

The benefit to Federal government in the United States would be immeasurable. According to John Stuart Mill, " the spirit of locality is the bane of improvement." The spirit of locality runs rampant in the American Congress. A large part of its time is spent on patronage, " pork," and favours. Will Rogers

once asked : " Did you ever figure what constitutes our modern ' Representative ' ? " And he answered his own question :

> The one that can bring home the new Federal post office, even if they wasn't using the old one ; Federal aid for roads that nobody may ever drive on ; and a government dam. The height of statesmanship is to come with a dam, even if you got nowhere to put it. Just raid the national Treasury enough and you will soon be referred to as a statesman.

Even serious writers like Walter Lippmann call Congress " a national bazaar." If these reforms are carried out *in toto* (and the danger is that some might be enacted and others shelved), Congress may well become a truly deliberative body devoted to a truly public policy.

Thus the reforms may provoke as much of a revolution on the legislative as on the administrative side of American Government.

With these recommendations the President takes on a new and unfamiliar role. The " grand improvisator " is bent upon becoming consolidator and administrator. It still remains to be proved how he will handle his new tools when he gets them. But, if this scheme goes through, he will have provided the tools for his successor, and without doubt the reform which will have begun under his administration will in itself entitle him to a great place among American Presidents.

HITLERISM AFTER FOUR YEARS

By Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson

THE fourth anniversary of his accession to power provided Herr Hitler with an obvious occasion for stock-taking, and his example may be profitably followed by all close students of the European situation—the more so as his Reichstag speech of January 30th invites a comparison with recent pronouncements of Mr. Eden, M. Blum and M. Delbos. The first general impression which the speech created outside the borders of the Reich was undoubtedly one of great relief. For some time past Nazi foreign policy has relied for its successes upon sudden *coups de théâtre*, usually directed against the existing international order; and the knowledge that by last autumn so much of the Treaty of Versailles had already been repudiated that the few remaining fragments hardly provided adequate material for a further *coup* had given rise to a nervous fear that the next attack might take an even more dangerous direction. Hence the announcement that "the period of so-called surprises" is over was genuinely welcomed, and the hope was expressed that perhaps at long last the Wilhelmstrasse had succeeded in convincing the Führer that shock tactics are less suited to diplomacy than to actual war, and certainly would not have commended themselves to Clausewitz. On close study, however, relief was outweighed by a sense of the negative and incoherent character of the speech: "*Aucun risque de guerre, mais aucun espoir de paix*"—this *mot* of a witty Frenchman, quoted by the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, seems to sum up very neatly the underlying realities.

While it is impossible to detect a clear and connected line of policy such as is to be found in an earlier Reichstag speech (May 21, 1935), there are certain positive features upon which in common fairness our first emphasis should be laid. On such phrases as "Peace is our dearest treasure" we need not dwell: they have been the stock-in-trade of all European statesmen

(except Mussolini, who has the courage of his opinions), and must be judged on the basis of acts, not words. That the Führer is genuine in his desire for peace, not war, may be freely admitted, just as today the same opinion is held of William II by almost all historians. The only question is whether their respective methods do, or do not, lead logically in the opposite direction from their innermost feelings.

Meanwhile the reaffirmation of the view that there exists " no humanly conceivable object of dispute whatsoever between Germany and France," and of " the ardent wish " for co-operation with Britain are, in the mouth of the absolute lord of 67 million human destinies, not lightly to be rejected by any friends of peace. On the other hand, it is necessary to set against them his complete failure to respond to the extremely cordial overtures made by the French Government at Lyons only a week earlier, and the sarcastic tone—very noticeable to wireless listeners, though less so to those who only read the press report—in which he dealt with the successive points of Mr. Eden's statement of policy in the House of Commons. It is very difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Führer believes he can ignore the Jewish Prime Minister of France and appeal over the heads of the Popular Front and the National Government to some as yet inarticulate public opinion in the two Western countries.

Other even more positive features are the offer to guarantee not only Belgium, but Holland " for all time," the strong repudiation of any desire for isolation, and the list of National Socialist agreements with other countries (notably Poland, Austria and Japan) cited in proof, and the hope of " similar good and hearty relations with all our neighbours." All this is very explicit and should open a path to further discussion (though the Dutch Government have already stated pointedly that they are not prepared to discuss the inviolability of Dutch territory with any other nation); and everyone will welcome the statement that the permanent isolation and *désintéressement* of a Power of 67 millions occupying a central strategical position is not a possibility in a world as small as Europe today. Moreover, the announcement that Germany has only economic interests in the Mediterranean and puts forward no colonial claims save against the countries which took colonies from her definitely narrows two

important fields of misunderstanding, and clears the issue, at any rate on paper.

Above all, the Führer, while again, as ever, insisting upon Germany's right to absolute equality of status, simultaneously proclaims that " complete sovereignty and equality have been restored " and that Germany " will never again sign a treaty incompatible with the honour of the nation and Government and with Germany's vital interests, and which, therefore, cannot in the long run be kept." It may be said that this outweighs the (presumably final) batch of repudiations relating to the Treaty of Versailles: the Rhine and Elbe waterways section had already been torn up in November, and now the liens established on the Railways and Reichsbank by the Dawes and Young Plans are also flung upon the ground, while Germany's signature to Article 231 (on War Responsibility) is expressly withdrawn, with the remark that this action puts an end to that part of the Treaty which was degrading to Germany. The mentality which this reveals is sufficiently depressing. Some arguments can be adduced for repudiating a dictated peace, lock, stock and barrel, whenever the possibility presents itself, but none for this arbitrary picking and choosing of clauses for piecemeal repudiation. It shows that Herr Hitler's whole conception of international law are those of the Cave Man.

But this must not affect our eagerness to seek an accord with him, for we of course accept his contention that nothing less than " the pacification of Europe " is at stake. If, however, we turn to the " eight ways " in which this pacification is to be achieved, we cannot avoid the conclusion that they are mere generalisations, far too obscurely and loosely worded to serve as the basis of a real *détente*. The need for " stable and orderly political and economic conditions " inside each country, or for " relations on a basis of mutual respect and equality," or for mutual recognition of " the vital interests of each," or the banality that " European problems can only be solved properly within possible limits "—such phrases really do not bring us any further. The eighth " way " seems to claim the right, in the name of national honour, to interfere in all questions of kindred minorities beyond the frontier. Here all depends on interpretation. If Germany wishes to remind all Europe that no other race save the

Ukrainian has so large a proportion of its co-nationals under foreign rule as the German, well and good : the facts cannot be denied. But if she wishes to apply " totalitarianism " and *Gleichschaltung* to her section of the minority problem, most dangerous and revolutionary possibilities emerge.

And, indeed, the speech has again brought out in their full crudity the Führer's ideas upon " race " and " racial purity." For, intermingled with the usual tirades against the Jew, we find the assertion that, just as the discovery that the earth turned round the sun led to a completely new conception of the universe, so the " blood and race doctrine of the National Socialist movement " is ushering in " a revolution of conceptions, and thus of the history of mankind past and future." In the Universities of Germany, once the home of academic freedom, of philosophic and religious criticism, of anthropological and ethnical studies, no voice can now be raised in protest (as it certainly would have been in Hohenzollern Prussia, to say nothing of the South German federal states) when the absolute ruler of Germany propounds doctrines which are the laughing stock of every university in the world. Little wonder if many Germans wince in silence at what is in effect an attempt to supersede Copernicus by the Jew-baiter Streicher.

Scarcely less crude were the economic theories which he put forward in his Four Year Plan (a catchword borrowed from the hated Bolsheviks). The economic experts and theorists from whom he so publicly dissociated himself, must in their turn remain silent while he announces that " today there can no longer be a free business life," but that the state must supervise all ; that economic salvation is not a problem of finance, but of " employment and guidance ; " that economic recovery would come " as soon as the permanence of the nation was believed in ; " that the German people would rely on " Work and Bread," not upon credit (this the answer to the bankers of the world, still nursing their burnt fingers) ; but that there could be no question of modifying the Plan. There is nothing to show that he realizes that the Plan's success, involving as it does Germany's complete " autarchy " or economic self-sufficiency, shuts her off from the whole field of economic co-operation and *ipso facto* produces that very isolation which he so vigorously disclaims.

What makes agreement with the Führer so difficult is not that he holds political views which are odious to this country : we have often in history, as a free people, had to make terms or co-operate with despots. Mr. Eden was only restating the views of many Foreign Secretaries before him when he declared that it is " not necessary nor desirable that our likes or dislikes for foreign forms of government should prejudice our international friendships or influence the course of our foreign policy." The real trouble is that in effect the Führer is trying to force his own prejudices upon the rest of Europe : not merely does he himself refuse all political dealing with Russia (it is not known as well as it should be that meanwhile profitable trade relations between Russia and Germany have increased, because Russia offers certain articles which the German General Staff regards as essential), but he denounces those who maintain such relations, declares Russia's presence at Geneva to be an obstacle to Germany's return, and treats the Pacts concluded with Russia by France and Czechoslovakia as treason to Europe and a menace to Germany in particular, though it is notorious that they are both purely defensive in character and so constructed as to facilitate the adhesion of other Powers, and in particular of Germany.

There is one passage in the speech on which I have noticed no press comments, but which illustrates the extent of his obsession about Russia. In thanking his party colleagues for their loyalty he referred to the " tragedy enacted in Moscow " that very day—the sentences on Radek and the rest—as showing " how the highest loyalty is to be valued." Was there no secret thrill of apprehension among his hearers ? Did it not occur to them that while Stalin has sent to their deaths so many of his former colleagues, but only after prolonged public trial (and this is true, whatever we may think of Soviet judicial methods), the Führer on his side removed many of *his* foremost colleagues in the National Socialist movement by sudden violence and in circumstances still unexplained, after publicly declaring that he himself was for 24 hours " the Supreme Court of the German people," from whom there was no appeal. Belief in his divine mission seems to blind him to the ominous analogy.

It was necessary to stress this analogy in view of the Führer's insistence upon " the conflict of ideologies " in Europe ; and

let no one object that it is pedantic to dwell upon so abstract a proposition, for it is he himself, his official press and his diplomatic representatives in London, who force it upon us at every turn. Indeed it is the very foundation of Nazi doctrine, the starting point of every detail of Nazi policy inside Europe or beyond it. There can be no shirking of this issue, and when Mr. Eden told the House of Commons that " we do not accept that the alternative for Europe lies between dictatorship of the Right and the Left," *The Times* was unquestionably right in endorsing this as " the policy of the whole British people." Here Socialist, Liberal, and Conservative opinion are one, and the two latter will follow *The Times* a stage further in " rejecting the doctrine of inevitable conflict between Fascism and Communism as decisively as it rejects the doctrine of inevitable class war."

Herr Hitler must be reminded at every turn that we reject his alternative, because there is a Middle Way, to which, apart from the three great dictatorships, most of the continental nations belong, or would fain return. This is the path of free representative institutions, which allows of infinite variety, but rests on the old principle of " no taxation without representation," freedom of religion, of speech, writing, assembly, association and press, none of which Russia, Germany, or Italy possesses today. To this third camp France, Britain and America, Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia unhesitatingly belong, in the sense of still preserving free institutions, while the remainder of the Little and Balkan Ententes, the four small Baltic states and Poland have lost their full degree of freedom, though not the desire for it, but fear nothing so much as the necessity of such a choice. Thus Mr. Eden was fully entitled to " repudiate any division of Europe into the supporters of rival ideologies " as in no way " corresponding to realities."* Moreover, in demanding that we should make this choice, Herr Hitler is in effect seeking to dictate to other countries their internal form of government, for National Socialism, Fascism, and Communism alike tolerate no form of opposition or criticism, and to range ourselves on the side of one or other of them is to

* Before the Foreign Press Association. January 13

adopt those " totalitarian " principles which strike at the very root of our own system of government. Dr. Goebbels has followed the Führer's lead by affirming that the division of Europe into two camps is an actual fact, but this is a statement which could only be made in a country where no criticism of an official thesis is tolerated. In short, there is a very genuine " Peace Front " in Europe, which it is the vital interest of all the free countries to uphold, even though this involves co-operation with some that are " unfree."

There are two countries in which we can profitably study the implications of totalitarian policy—Spain and Czechoslovakia. In Spain we have a good object lesson of what happens when there is no *via media* between the two extremes of doctrine, and the general British view is that of Mr. Eden, that the rival interventionists of Moscow, Rome and Berlin, will in the long run pay dearly for their crime, and that a nationalist Spain, when once recovered from her grievous wounds, is little likely to show gratitude to those who used her as a rabbit on the vivisection table, on whom to test either tanks, or anti-aircraft guns, or totalitarian theories of government. She may prefer to associate with those Powers who have identified themselves with Spain's " political independence and territorial integrity." It may be worth quoting two illustrations from the history of earlier interventions in Spain. In 1820 the Duke of Wellington, who knew Spain better than any foreigner ever knew it, wrote to Castlereagh that there was no country where so little was to be gained from a policy of intervention as Spain. And in 1823 Castlereagh's successor, Canning, publicly warned Louis XVIII that by his intervention in Spain he was proclaiming " a principle which strikes at the root of the British constitution." Today we may restrict ourselves to the view that intervention is " not only bad humanity, but also bad politics," and that Spain is likely to evolve her own indigenous form of government and to bear a grudge against the foreign quacks who try to foist their nostrums upon her.

The case of Czechoslovakia is different. Here we see the only genuinely democratic state which still survives east of the Rhine made the object of a prolonged and persistent campaign of calumny by the German official press and wireless, and

denounced as completely Bolshevik in policy and outlook, and therefore as the spearhead of Bolshevism aimed at the heart of Europe.* The concrete allegation that the Red Army had erected numerous aerodromes in Czechoslovakia and supplied the Czechs with hundreds of pilots and instructors, is still being repeated in Germany, where no answer to official propagandists is tolerated : but everywhere else it has been exploded as an impudent invention. In a few words, Czechoslovakia is the only country in Central Europe where real parliamentary government, based on the ballot, universal suffrage, P.R., and free elections, still survives ; its social legislation (insurance, inspection, working hours, etc.) is far ahead of its eastern and southern neighbours ; it has a free press and freedom of association ; its minority legislation, though not perfect, compares favourably with that of any other country whatsoever ; its attitude to religion is shown by the terms of its Concordat with the Vatican, by the presence of Clericals in every Cabinet of recent years, and by the Clerical support given to Dr. Benesh at the presidential election. The fact that there is a Communist party with 30 deputies in a Parliament of 300, is a sign of stability and tolerance : most neighbour countries have thought it necessary to suppress their Communists, but Czechoslovakia prefers to use the safety valve, strong in the belief that the huge majority of her people are immune from Bolshevism.

The full details lie outside my present scope, but the Nazi campaign against Czechoslovakia provides a valuable clue to the present policy of the Führer. The motives are quite obvious. Firstly, Czechoslovakia, as a last stronghold of democracy, is a thorn in the flesh of Nazi Germany : in M. Carton de Wiart's phrase, "*Tout régime de force souffre du voisinage des régimes de liberté.*" Second, Germany pursues the same tactics as in 1905 when she tried to force France and Britain apart after the new found Entente Cordiale. Czechoslovakia is threatened with dire results unless she abandons her purely defensive treaty with Soviet Russia : yet this would mean the loss of the only two allies—Russia and France—who could give her effective military

* Lord Rothermere in a signed article in the *Daily Mail* of 12 February goes a stage further and maintains that Czechoslovakia should never have been created and should not be allowed to exist any longer.

protection against German aggression, and as a logical result, her own, and perhaps the whole Little Entente's entry within the sphere of German political influence, and this is the real aim. Thirdly, it is clear that if Czechoslovakia could be made a Russian spearhead aimed at Germany, she could no less easily be made a German spearhead directed at the coveted black earth of Ukraine and the rich oilfields of Rumania. The crux of the situation, however, lies in the fact that Czechoslovakia asks for nothing better than to live and let live, has no conceivable motive for adventure, and is probably more immune from Bolshevism than any other country of Central Europe. It is high time that the Governments of the West should indicate quite clearly to Germany, that while the campaign is naturally of no direct concern to us, it none the less serves as a serious discouragement to negotiation in the major questions of the day, since persistence in such patently false statements can only be ascribed either to bad faith or to basic ignorance.

In this matter of ideologies, then, the deadlock is absolute, and the speech was negative in other no less fundamental directions. It is true that the Führer's references to the League, though belittling, do not close the door to discussion. For all adherents of Geneva are at one as to the need for its reform, and do not challenge his view that it cannot be allowed to become a mere instrument for upholding the *status quo*. But in respect of armaments there is absolutely no response to Mr. Eden's offer of co-operation ; and there is an absolute refusal to consider limitation as part of a general European settlement, or to admit that the Four Year Plan could under any circumstances be modified. No one, of course, denies that every nation must keep in its own hands the final decision as to what constitutes its necessary defence. But the inspired comments of the German press make it abundantly clear that Germany's attitude to rearmament is identical with the *Noli me tangere* adopted by William II whenever the crucial question of naval limitation cropped up before the War. M. Blum had been careful to point out that France accepted " perfect equality and mutual confidence " as the basis of negotiations with Germany, and had no desire to bargain, and this was certainly said with the full approval of the British Government. But no one in his senses

in either France or Britain will challenge his further assertion that there is " an absolute and inevitable interdependence between economic and political co-operation." " Could any nation be expected to help another with money, raw materials, colonial outlets, etc., unless it were certain that this increased power would not one day be turned against it ? "

Here we reach bedrock. It is simply inconceivable that any government in France or Britain, of the Right, Centre, or Left, would ever consent to a loan or to colonial concessions without absolute guarantees in favour of armament limitation and an Air Convention, of an abandonment of unilateral action and of a frank return to international co-operation. What dominates the present European situation is the fantastic armament expenditure of Germany. Mr. Churchill's original estimate of £1,500,000,000 expended in three years has been challenged in some quarters ; but if we deduct 20 per cent. for possible exaggeration, the balance (confirmed equally from the official and from Socialist sources and tacitly admitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer) is sufficiently alarming. Indeed, it cannot be denied that there is literally no precedent in the history of the world, and that the absolute monarchs and militarist cliques of pre-war days were tied hand and foot as compared with the happy War Lords of Hitler's Germany, who are free from all parliamentary, budgetary, and press control, and can spend all the resources of the nation if once they have obtained the sanction of a single man. In the first days of the new regime it was possible to make out a certain case for Germany's refusal to wait indefinitely in a disarmed state, and her insistence upon defensive armament. But no such case can be made out for the later measures of unrestricted conscription and rearmament on a scale so vast as to be meaningless save on the theory of a bid for military predominance in Europe.

The British and French Governments continue to desire most ardently a triangular agreement with Germany, supplemented by an extension of the " non-aggression " principle to all Europe, west and east. But none the less public opinion must face the brutal fact that at present there is a complete deadlock between the Nazi regime and the two Western Powers, based upon profound differences of mentality, policy, and aims.

'WARE RABBIT

By Sir William Beach Thomas

WE are proud in England of the nice balance of nature belonging to our temperate clime. Things that grow and creatures that breathe consent to a mutual relation. The mild extremes of our climate correspond with the freedom from excessive production of weed or fungus or insect or larger animal. We are rather fond of the word plague, but our plagues seldom deserve the word as it is understood in "less happy lands." This nice balance of nature has not lost its equipoise; but there are certain threats which may make us uneasy. We conquered in double quick time the threat of the alien musk rat which had wrought scarcely credible havoc on canal banks in Austria and Hungary. The threatened Severn was soon freed; but the escape of these tunneling rodents bred an uneasiness and a fear of unauthorized imports. Two of these are established, are here for good, as they say, though the phrase may mean for evil. They have become almost as truly English as the grey rat which drove out the old English black rat, though this has begun within the last few years to turn on his evicter.

The danger of such naturalization must be faced; but at the moment the popular "plague" is a native or semi-native, the engaging but destructive rabbit. Farm economists with one voice have been declaiming against the ruin of its multiplication; and with such force that a new law is likely to be introduced compelling landowners and their tenants to keep their lands reasonably free. Of the immense increase in the population of rabbits there is no doubt at all. Even motorists (who see less than most people of the country they speed through) are aware of the increase, which often is particularly apparent in roadside hedges. One of the reasons for this multiplication is both

economic and biological. Rabbit trapping in the West country had grown into a very considerable industry, many a small Western farmer paid his rent, or a good part of it, by letting the right to trap on his farm to a professional. The rabbits were almost always caught in steel-toothed traps, which are very efficient to the purpose. They are brutal but sure ; and caught many other animals than rabbits. In parts of Devon and Pembrokeshire, for example, foxes were altogether exterminated. They have ceased to exist. The traps caught dogs, cats, stoats and incidentally both pheasants and partridges. The trapped rabbits fetched an astonishingly high price for a long succession of years ; and the profits of the industry kept it more and more active. Then came a sudden slump ; and the trappers ceased work. The stock of rabbits was big in spite of the numbers killed, because the trappers killed more bucks than does ; and this stock proceeded to multiply beyond all precedent. The farmers had given up rabbiting. Even poachers were few ; and the natural enemies of the rabbit had ceased to exist. Now it is a well-established fact, that is common knowledge in Australia though not here, that the rabbit breeds proportionately to its sense of security. If land is cleared and the rabbit must exercise continual watchfulness it breeds sparingly. Everything conspired to promote over-population and, surprisingly, no disease followed.

The reasons for its multiplication in the East were rather different or perhaps more numerous. Farming was depressed ; and the first result of letting land go out of cultivation is to provide rabbits with a warren. The higher the cultivation, the fewer the rabbits. They appeared in myriads almost miraculously on some of the rubbish dumps near London. The owners were forced by public opinion to gas the rats which find such places equally congenial, but they do not waste good gas on rabbits. Conversely afforestation has completely cured the plague. On the sandy warrens about the Norfolk-Suffolk boundary, hundreds of thousands were destroyed by the Forestry Commission, who in one respect builded better (or in the opinion of some neighbours worse) than they knew ; for the surrounding districts became infested by stoats which had fled from the rabbit-free areas.

Rabbits, of course, are deadly enemies to young trees, but they are hardly less destructive of corn and grass and indeed most farm crops. Some grass fields alongside dumps or woods and hedgerows where rabbits are encouraged are too bare to feed one horse to ten acres. Such bared fields are given up in despair by farmers, with the result that they become complete warrens and the plague is further increased: things go from bad to worse. The direct losses are very heavy indeed; and in rural districts the rabbit does more harm than the rat. It is worse to eat the corn before it comes into ear than after it is in stack.

Rabbits have been virtually exterminated in districts, such as South Lincolnshire, where farming is intensive. Elsewhere there is no question of extermination. It may not be even desirable. The rabbit has a coat and flesh that are useful to man. It is a rather engaging creature that most countrymen would miss, and it has provided many a poor household with food that is appreciated. But almost all animals, even birds, are harmful if their members are abnormal. The rook, for example, as a Hungarian farmer proved, is of benefit to the farmer till it multiplies greatly, then it quite changes its feeding habits. So the rabbit. Close observation within the last few years has brought out the facts that rabbits have taken to local migrations quite outside their usual habit. They will certainly feed three-quarters of a mile from their burrows. There is some evidence also that they begin to learn to climb, almost like a fox or a stoat. A twelve-foot wire with a bent top was not enough to keep the foxes out of the Whipsnade Zoo. They climbed freely both in and out.

So rabbit wire has proved vain in some places where the pressure of population was great. I have seen a precious young tree in a park bitten off, not at the bottom, but at the top. The rabbits used the circle of so-called protective wire as a convenient ladder and stand from which to reach the more succulent shoots. Rabbits, like other animals, are adaptable, and find in necessity the mother of both invention and new habits. They will not only climb, they will scrape through a mesh of absurdly small gauge and burrow under any wire not sunk deeply. A curiosity of the genus is that the young rabbit is more destructive than

the old, at any rate in gardens. While the parents are content to gnaw the bark off felled twigs, the young, needing tenderer food, will pick off the young shoots of rose or carnation or what not; and these babies see no obstruction in a two-inch wire mesh.

Such points as these are chiefly interesting to the gardener or amateur afforester: the essential offence of the rabbit is to farm crops. In wide districts of Australia the value of land depends wholly on its wire fence. If it is not wired against rabbits it is valueless, and our own Forestry Commission has found nearly the same thing. Some of our general farmers begin to be in like case: fields alongside rabbit-ridden plantations or dumps or wastes are valueless, are, indeed, a minus quantity: they do not produce the value of either the rent or the labour, much less of both.

What is to be done to protect the producer? And he is the important person. An increase in the price of the dead rabbit is already doing something to reduce the tally; doubtless the price might be enhanced if the import of rabbits was forbidden. They come to us in tens of thousands and are a popular form of food with the poor. Chiefly for this reason governments of any colour do not care to put a heavy tariff on the imports. We must find, then, more direct methods. There are several, and I would urge one of which little or nothing has been said. It is a custom on some large farms as on many estates to employ a warden whose business it is to keep destructive animals in check. A good man at the job will pay dividends, especially if he is wise enough to leave foxes, stoats, and weasels alone, and regard them as allies in his campaign for the reduction of rats and rabbits. Such a warden might very well be permanently employed by every county council. He would not only advise would-be agents in the campaign for saving crops: he would inspect and warn; and in the last resort recommend prosecution of those who from laziness, incapacity, or choice allowed their land to bear an excessive population of any specified enemies of the producers. Such a man would very soon become aware of the centres of pollution, so to say, without the need of any special and distasteful visits of inspection.

Rabbits, of course, are notoriously prolific; and the doe (whose

chief enemy is the buck) has greater skill perhaps than any known animal in hiding her nesting hole. I have known a tame rabbit rear a family within a wire enclosure of a few square yards without anyone suspecting the presence of a nursery, so carefully was the hole blocked each morning and opened each night. Nevertheless the rabbit is not difficult to destroy. Its hole is obvious. "They love not poison who do poison need," but it may be necessary in extreme cases to use such gases or poisons as the I.C.I. have lately perfected. It may not perhaps be generally known that a rag or bit of paper soaked in paraffin with a dash of Jeyes fluid will expel rabbits from the hole in which it is inserted for three or four days. I have seen over a hundred rabbits so expelled shot in a field or two of long grass at the edge of a covert. Systematic ferreting is a better method still. In a few places the long net, as once used by bands of poachers, is a quick and wholesale method; but it is a very difficult art—*experto crede*.

A good many game preservers actually like to maintain a fair head of rabbits; but perhaps they pay for them in ways not always appreciated. It has been found in general that they do not consort comfortably with winged game, though there is no direct hostility; and there are a few very striking examples on record of the rapid increase of partridges following the clearing of rabbits and of the hedge-rows—"the better the farming the more the partridges," used to be an Eastern Counties maxim. The result is due perhaps not only to a plentiful supply of barley and other grains. It follows the extinction of the rabbit.

One other plague, so-called, should be much more easy to abolish than, for example, the musk rat, but it continues to spread. Grey squirrels are now almost as widely dispersed as little owls; and we do not want them, though they are very engaging animals in their way. They were introduced by several people, but the centre of dispersal was Woburn; and the first person to realize that they were dangerous as well as pretty was a Duke of Bedford. He preferred his birds to the squirrels, and the two were not found to agree. Those who introduced them had not, it seems, read their Buffon, who has a remarkable reference to the havoc they wrought among the corn, or maize, crops in South America, and even Buffon did not know how omnivorous

they can be where various foods are procurable. They will eat —in England at any rate—young birds, eggs, fruit, nuts, bark, green shoots, and most grains ; and they proceed to the work with singular persistence and ingenuity.

One little wooden hut, familiar to me, was used for storing grain for the feeding of game birds ; and the grey squirrels, discovering this, bit a sizable hole in the woodwork and ate their fill. The hole was then boarded up ; but within a day or two a second hole was cut. This obstinacy was the squirrels' undoing. Thereafter the hole in the hut was used as the entrance to a trap, and sixteen squirrels were taken in quick succession. The incident well illustrates their psychology, if the word may be used. They are observant, bold and insistent beyond most animals ; and, unlike most species of squirrel, range widely. They spread over England at a speed that wholly astonished many naturalists. There were scores, for example, in gardens near Stratford-on-Avon soon after the alarm was first raised. Happily they are still rare in the West and North, where our own red squirrel is numerous. You will hardly miss seeing these either in the gardens of Galloway or the groves of Denbighshire —to quote particular experiences—and in neither region has the grey squirrel become common.

There is little doubt that the grey is an enemy of the red, though evidence that it attacks the red directly is meagre. Definite accounts of the method of its attack have, it is true, been spread abroad, but they lack authentication. They are probably no truer than another fable that the two species cross, a fable due to the fact that the winter coat of the grey differs considerably from its summer coat. Our own red squirrel is a species whose coat differs according to its habitat, and it is one of the more widely distributed of all mammals, with some special preference for the North. In Siberia it is said to be almost grey in colour.

The grey does not kill the red so far as we know ; but there is little doubt that it drives it away. The two are not common in the same place ; and the red has become very rare in the East and the Midlands. It has become indeed so rare and is so much admired that within the last two years a brisk trade has come into being in imported red squirrels. They are procured

from the Balkan States, and so far have flourished in their new homes—in Newcastle, for example, in North Devon and, not least, in the Whipsnade Zoo where several pairs were "enlarged." Whipsnade is close to the place from which the grey animal spread and where it is still most abundant. There are gardens near Whipsnade where no good fruit is safe and where many of the native birds' nests are harried by the "tree rat." The number of rabbits in the country depends a good deal on the price of their flesh and fur. So with grey squirrels in parts of America, the numbers are almost automatically reduced by the food value of the animal. I have seen butchers' shops that appeared to be dressed wholly with squirrels.

This preventive influence does not operate in England. The animal, which has a large litter, has multiplied without let or hindrance in many quarters. Like the sparrow it finds sanctuary in towns and suburbs where its engaging habits and brave friendliness make it very popular. The trees of Regent's Park were at one time generously decorated with its dreys ; and it is astonishing how their great nests can escape observation. Not long since a tree was felled in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park Zoo, and the woodmen were amazed to see a family of little squirrels emerge from the fallen wreck : the drey in which they were nursed had passed quite unobserved.

Are we to accept the grey squirrel as a permanent addition to our island mammals ? Some municipalities have condemned it, under strong representation of its destructive habits. It is the enemy of every gamekeeper ; and they are joined by a good many gardeners. On the other hand, it has friends. In some woodland gardens its merry ways endear it, and its presence is actively encouraged. Over wide areas, where game-preserving is not in any degree intensive, its theoretic enemies are wholly inactive. What numbers are to be found in Huntingdonshire, for example, not so far from Lilford, notorious as the chief source of the little owl. That imported bird and that imported mammal are almost the most obvious animals of the district. Both breed freely, and both have a wide taste in foods.

Extermination is next door to the impossible in regard to rabbit, rat, grey squirrel, or little owl, even if we are united in a desire for such a consummation. What matters to most of us

is an upset of the natural balance in our well-balanced island. Most animals are harmful if their numbers become very great. The rook becomes a carrion crow, the pigeon and the gull harpies, the fox a costly luxury to every poultry keeper, the mole a destroyer of fields and the rabbit of that which grows in them. The superfluous rat costs millions and does more harm in town than country. The sparrows of Birmingham have learnt to migrate in thousands to Warwickshire harvest fields. The moral is one of the oldest classical tags whether in Greek or Latin: *ne quid nimis*—nothing in excess; and in regard to rabbit and grey squirrel, as to the rat, there is a strong obligation on the community to allow none to multiply beyond a very modest quota. We need a regulating authority, such as a special county warden who shall have an eye to regulation of noxious weeds, biological as well as botanical.

BRITISH RACIAL DECLINE

The Menace of Depopulation

By Dr. G. F. McCleary

THE British Commonwealth is not the result of a planned scheme of *Weltpolitik*. It has come about mainly, as Burke said, by accident—by the gradual and unsystematic grouping of individual adventurous spirits seeking to better themselves overseas. The new colonies were long regarded as liabilities rather than assets by the politicians of the Mother Country, who were slow to appreciate the significance of the movement described by Seeley in 1883 as "the expansion of England." But it would be a mistake to assume that what has come into being by haphazard, and not without a good deal of our traditional muddle, can so be maintained and developed. A famous millionaire has said that it is easier to make money than to keep it; and there are signs that the keeping of the Commonwealth as a unified and effective influence on world affairs will require all the statesmanship that can be devoted to it.

Foremost among the problems that now confront Commonwealth statesmen are those created by the rapid decline in the birth-rate in the Mother Country and in the Dominions. By many the decline is welcomed. It tends, we are told, to remove the menace of over-population arising from the enormous multiplication of our people during the last 160 years. But that was due not to an increase in fertility, but to a decrease in mortality. When that fact and its implications have been grasped, the population question presents a new aspect. Until the secret of earthly immortality has been discovered, any movement proceeding from reductions in mortality must, sooner or later, come up against a natural barrier. Death cannot be

prevented; it can only be postponed. But postponement gradually increases the proportion of old people in the population, and the death-rate of old people is high. Ninety years ago the mean expectation of life at birth in this country was 41 years; in 1933 it was 61 years. But, during the same period, the mean expectation of life at age 60 rose only from 13·9 to 15·4 years. Among the younger people many lives have been saved, but it is still broadly true that the days of our age are three score years and ten.

In England and Wales last year the number of deaths per 1,000 population—the crude death-rate—was 12·1, and if that were a true index of mortality the mean expectation of life at birth would be 82·6 years; actually it is 61 years. If New Zealand's death-rate in 1934—8·48 per 1,000—were a true index of mortality, it would imply a mean expectation of life at birth of 117·9 years; actually it was 66·4 years. Nowhere are life insurance policies issued for premiums based on an expectation of life at birth of 117·9 years, or 82·6 years.

It is clear, then, that the crude death-rate is a misleading index of mortality.

Similarly, the crude birth-rate, which was 14·8 per 1,000 in England and Wales last year, varies not only with fertility, *i.e.*, the rate at which children are being born, but with the proportion of persons capable of bearing children—the women of child-bearing age. The proportion of these women is now high, and therefore their low fertility is to some extent masked in the birth-rate. As they grow older their places will not all be taken by grown-up girls; for the decline in fertility has diminished the supply of girls. Thus the death-rate and the birth-rate convey a fallacious view of the position. Both are too good to be true. The death-rate tends to rise and the birth-rate to fall. If fertility and mortality remain constant, both rates will reach 13·8 per 1,000 in 1943, and from then onward there will be an annual excess of deaths over births.

There are methods of standardizing death-rates and birth-rates, but they are too complicated to appeal to the layman. Fortunately, however, a series of important books by Dr. R. R. Kuczynski has brought into use simple methods of measuring

population growth, the results of which can be stated in a way that all can understand. By these methods the combined effect of fertility and mortality is expressed in a single index, the net reproduction rate, which tells how many future mothers will on average be borne by a mother of today. If the number is less than one, fertility has fallen below mortality. In England and Wales the net reproduction rate is 0·734, which means that in the next generation 1,000 mothers of today will be represented not by another 1,000, but by 734. Our reproduction rate has fallen over 25 per cent. below replacement rate, which is unity, and if it remains below unity we shall die out.

Yet our population continues to increase, though at a greatly reduced rate. That is because fertility may decline for a long time before it results in a decrease of the population. When tuberculosis of the lungs has reached the stage at which it can readily be diagnosed by the ordinary methods of physical examination, the patient's condition has become serious; and when declining fertility has reached the stage at which the deaths exceed the births, the position has become one not of theoretical interest only, but of urgent practical necessity.

Many may think that a diminution in the number of people now occupying this country would, if it could be stopped at the right level, be no bad thing. Those of us who can remember the English countryside fifty years ago have seen a lamentable destruction of scenic beauty of a kind not to be matched in any other part of the world. Those dreary wastes of unlovely dwellings that sprawl over the exquisite Surrey hills and valleys I knew as a boy—are they to extend indefinitely? And for what purpose?

But the problem we have to face here and now is not how to secure a stationary, optimum population, but how to prevent an imminent decrease in population that will, if not prevented, become catastrophic within the next thirty years. And we must bear in mind that this country has for many years been an important source of population for the Dominions, where, incredible as it may seem, the fertility of the British stock has fallen as rapidly as in the Mother Country.

As long ago as 1903 the decline in the birth-rate of New South Wales caused so much concern that a Royal Commission

was appointed to consider the subject, and the Commission expressed their main conclusion in the following statement :

> In recent years, public men . . . have referred hopefully to the day when Australia with her teeming millions will hold a commanding place among the peoples of the world. The patriotic ardour inspired by this hopeful anticipation is, however, destined to be cooled in the contemplation of the fact that, while Russia and Japan, prospective rivals of Australia for supremacy in the Western Pacific, are already seeking outlets beyond their own borders for the energies of their ever-growing people, it will be forty-six and a half years before Australia, with her three and three-quarter millions of inhabitants, and dependent alone on her natural increase (if this even be maintained at its present rate), will have doubled her population ; 113 years before she will have twenty millions of people ; and 168 years before her numbers will have reached the present population of Japan. In whatever way the waning birth-rate of New South Wales is viewed . . . it is seen as a grave disorder, sapping the vitals of a new people, dispelling its hopes, blighting its prospects, and threatening its continuance.

When these words were written the birth-rate was 27 per 1,000, having fallen from 38·4 in 1884 ; in 1934 it was 16·5 per 1,000. A similar decline has occurred in the other Australian States and in New Zealand ; in both Dominions the net reproduction rate has fallen below unity, *i.e.*, below replacement rate. In Canada and South Africa the birth-rate, though it has gone down considerably, is still relatively high because of the high fertility of the French and Dutch elements respectively ; the reproduction of the British stock has fallen to much the same level as in Australia and New Zealand, where the population is almost exclusively of British origin. All over the world the present generation of our people is failing to reproduce its numbers.

What will be the consequences ? Take emigration. In the ten years immediately preceding the war, the annual number of migrants from the United Kingdom to other parts of the Empire was over 148,000 ; in the ten years 1919-1928 the number was over 132,000 ; in the same period there was a large emigration to the United States. The Inter-Departmental Committee on Migration Policy, reporting in 1934, expressed the opinion that, if unnecessary obstacles were removed, there was "no reason why the number of migrants from the United Kingdom to the overseas parts of the Empire should not reach a figure of from 150,000 to 250,000 a year, at comparatively small expense to the Governments concerned."

Can we spare them ? For some years to come we can. Our

population is increasing by over 120,000 persons annually, and England is one of the most densely populated countries in the world. With 265 persons to the square kilometre, our density among European nations is exceeded only by that of Belgium, which has 269 persons per square kilometre. Our population would be better distributed if during the next ten years the emigrants to the Dominions reached or even exceeded the number contemplated by the Inter-Departmental Committee. During that period, at all events, we can with advantage make a substantial contribution to the peopling of what Kingsley Fairbridge—genius and hero—called the " man-hungry corners of the Empire," the vast unoccupied spaces of the Dominions. A slight diminution of our population by the transference of men, women, and children of the right kind to parts of the Commonwealth where there is much more need of population increase than there is at home, is a very different thing from a diminution caused by a large and increasing excess of deaths over births. The Commonwealth as a whole would be strengthened by the transference. It is important, therefore, that a vigorous emigration policy should now be pursued.

There are difficulties, some real, some imaginary. We are told that large parts of the " vast unoccupied spaces " are unfitted for white settlement. But when all due allowance is made for such considerations, it remains true that in the Dominions there are enormous unpeopled areas, rich in mineral resources and fertile land, in which the white man can thrive and multiply. Canada, which is nearly as extensive as the whole of Europe, has a population of only eleven millions ; Australia, with an area nearly equal to that of the United States, has a population of six millions and three-quarters ; New Zealand is rather more extensive than Great Britain, South Africa is five times as extensive ; and the white populations of the two Dominions are about 1,500,000 and 1,850,000 respectively. And whatever the difficulties of a vigorous emigration policy may be, there are other countries that would gladly take over from us the task of dealing with them !

A much more important and difficult problem confronting the Dominions is that of increasing the output of the native-born. Nothing that we in this country can do to re-distribute

our population to the best advantage of the Commonwealth as a whole will prevent the threatened depopulation of the Dominions unless there is a substantial increase in the fertility of our people overseas.

The grave warning of the New South Wales Royal Commission in 1904 has been reinforced by the experience of the 32 years that have since elapsed. If the population trend in those years continues, the population of the Mother Country will about 30 years hence begin a catastrophic decline, and a little later the Dominions will follow us with varying rapidity—the British stock leading. At that time, and for some time before, we shall have no people to spare for overseas settlement.

Some results of declining fertility are now plainly to be seen in this country. The number of children attending public elementary schools has fallen from 6,082,858 in 1910 to 5,402,052 in 1935, in spite of an increase of 367,000 school children over 13, due to the Act of 1918, which abolished half-time attendance and exemptions under the age of 14; and there has been a diminution in the need for school places, school books, and other educational requisites.

There will be many other consequences of the downward movement. The coming decrease in population will increase the amount per head levied to meet national debt charges, and, without a general disarming of which there is no indication, to provide for national defence. Similar considerations apply to the expenditure of the local authorities. Apart from the charges for long-time loans, the cost of such services as water-supply, main drainage, sewage and refuse disposal, the maintenance of street pavements, parks and public buildings cannot be reduced *pari passu* with reductions in the number of people for whom the services are required.

In many industries the consequences of the movement will sooner or later be felt with growing intensity. In the building trade, and in the numerous industries the prosperity of which depends upon the activity of the building trade, the decrease in population will take effect long before the beginning of the rapid decline that may be expected some 30 years hence. But the need for dwellings fit for human beings to live in is so great, despite the remarkable progress made since the war, that we

have time to plan for the new position that looms ahead, even if no attempt is made to approximate to the standard of domestic comfort attained in America, where only a small minority of hotel bedrooms are without a separate bathroom, and indoor shivering is regarded as a peculiarly European experience. In industries in which mass production is an important factor, the diminution of the number of consumers in the home market and in the Dominions may necessitate much readjustment of methods and a new commercial outlook, which may be reflected in price changes. The population trend may also influence the conditions of issue of long-term loans, and the periods fixed for amortization.

The decline in fertility has already exercised an influence on the ageing of the population that will steadily become more important. It is already reflected in the increased annual cost of old-age pensions, which for persons of 70 years and over rose from £18,326,000 in 1920 to £33,347,000 in 1930, and to £37,837,000 in 1934. The cost of old-age pensions for persons aged 65-70 rose from £12,234,000 in 1929 to £17,463,000 in 1935. The expenditure under these heads will continue to rise, even if it does not become necessary to make increasing provision for old age, because of the decreasing number of young people available as contributors to the cost of maintaining aged relatives.

The ageing of the community will be reflected in its outlook on life, and in its ways of thinking and feeling. It will be a more experienced and, possibly, a wiser community. There are, however, disadvantages as well as advantages in growing old. " We have experience," said Mr. Dooley, " but we'd rather have hair. We have wisdom, but we'd trade it all for youth and hope."

If the present population trend continues, important social and economic readjustments will be inevitable, and if the situation is taken in hand at once it may be possible to avert the painful consequences that will certainly follow a policy of inactivity based on the belief that the menace of depopulation is imaginary, or that something will eventually turn up to deal with it. In some European countries, especially in Belgium, France, Germany, and Italy, declining fertility is considered a national danger, and strenuous attempts are being made to arrest it.

During the last ten years the governments of Belgium, France, and Italy have pursued a vigorous population policy, the main feature of which is the provision of economic inducements for the production of large families. The results are not encouraging. Since 1926, when, after a remarkable speech by Signor Mussolini, the Italian population policy was adopted, the birth-rate has fallen from 27 to 23·1 per 1,000. The same tendency, quite as marked, is shown in Belgium and France. More success has been achieved in Germany, where the birth-rate rose from 14·7 per 1,000 in 1933 to 18·9 in 1935. The National Socialists have employed special methods, and, though it is too soon to form a confident opinion on the question, their population policy seems to have made an effective appeal to the patriotic spirit of the German people.

It should be borne in mind that the indications of the future given in this article rest on the assumption that the present population trend will continue. But it may not continue. It is due to the practice of birth control, and is therefore dependent on human volition. The recent experience of other countries shows, however, that it is not easy to bring about the drastic changes in social habits necessary to check or regulate the practice of birth control—to substitute a national planning for an individual planning of the size of the family. We find that it is not easy to increase population by Act of Parliament. If babies are not to be had for love, they are not likely to be had for money.

Can anyone point to a single influence making, or likely to make, effectively for a substantial increase in fertility? On the other hand, there are many working effectively for a substantial decrease in fertility. Two may specially be mentioned. First, birth control is spreading to sections of the community hitherto untouched by it. It is advocated by highly-placed and influential personages as a national need. Second, the technique of birth control is becoming more and more efficient. Scientific research is hard at work to discover a contraceptive that shall be 100 per cent. efficient, cheap, convenient, and free from aesthetic objection. When it is placed on the market not only will the commercial interests concerned make large sums of money, but the unwanted babies, of whom there are now many, will cease to make a substantial addition to our annual number of births.

The problem is urgent, and requires for its solution a searching examination of the present position and its implications. It must be studied in co-operation with the Dominions, and with a sympathetic appreciation of their needs and difficulties. It is a pity that so few people in the Mother Country have any first-hand acquaintance with life as it is lived by our kinsmen overseas. How many of the men and women who seek to escape the rigours of an English winter by exposing themselves to the icy winds of the Riviera know that the health-giving qualities of South Africa's climate are unexcelled anywhere, and that a winter trip to Australia and New Zealand is one of the most beneficial and delightful of human experiences ? To those who care for the splendid heritage our forefathers have committed to our charge, the great Australian cities, their surroundings, and the " outback " are full of interest ; while of New Zealand it may safely be said that she has more varied magnificence of scenic beauty to the square mile than any other country in the world.

" This King Shakespeare," said Carlyle, " . . . We can fancy him radiant aloft over all the Nations of English men and women a thousand years hence. From Parramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another : ' Yes, this Shakespeare is ours ; we produced him, we speak and think by him ; we are of one blood and kind with him.' "

But unless there are drastic changes in the social habits of the English-speaking peoples, the language of Shakespeare will, some 150 years hence, be read, if it is read at all, as the countrymen of Shakespeare now read the language of Sophocles.

PESTERING BY THE PRESS

By Hamilton Fyfe

> "I am directed by the Home Secretary to say that his attention from time to time has been drawn to the distress and trouble to which people are subjected when after some tragedy representatives of newspapers intrude upon the privacy of relatives or other persons concerned. . . . The suggestion has been made that some restrictions ought to be imposed on the licence thus exercised to collect news by methods which offend against civility and humanity."
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> *Letter from Sir John Simon to Newspaper Societies.*

WHEN Lord Chief Justice Hewart said last year that "personal journalism is an infamous abyss in which a sadly large section of the British Press wallows," he intended to denounce the itch for prying into the personal aspects of the lives and characters of men and women in the news.

At one period "personal journalism" meant fashionable gossip, the sort of chatter that *Truth* and *The World* printed in the days of Labouchere and Edmund Yates. In another sense personal journalism might be described as one of the merits of newspapers in a not very distant past, as the writing in which men expressed their personal opinions of men and things—men like A. G. Gardiner, Massingham, Leo Maxse and J. L. Garvin, who carries on with it still. The evil attacked by the Lord Chief Justice and brought into ugly prominence lately is a growth of less than twenty years. I have heard it called a result of the importation of a certain editor from Canada. But that is too narrow a view. Upon no single person can the blame be laid. It was bound to happen when newspapers, following theatres and cinemas, came under the control of men who regarded them simply as businesses, organs of profit, sources of income—not of income for the controllers alone, but for armies of shareholders with no interest in newspapers as

such, certainly without any sense of responsibility for them; eager only for large regular dividends.

When theatres were owned and managed by members of "the profession" they were at no high level of excellence, and their standards were not those of the finest art. But they had standards; they would not descend below certain levels for the sake of filling their seats. Irving, Alexander, Tree, were not intellectually distinguished, but they respected their calling. They would not, even for riches, have descended to the Dutch auction methods we now see employed, when speculators compete for public support by each in turn going one lower in smut and lewd silliness. The only reason I ever heard suggested for the long-continued success of a recent play was that in it was spoken a word which by dirty minds is considered dirty. When critics spoke of bedroom scenes being indispensable (this stupid craze has now passed) it became plain that suggestiveness, provoking sniggers from the immature, was considered the winning trick.

The speculators who control the cinema have from its beginnings sought for the lowest common denominator of sentimentality and clowning. Happily, performers of genius have from time to time thwarted them, directors with ideas above raking in the largest possible returns have given us films of charm and interest. But the drag downwards is ever apparent. Any art, any product of the imagination intended to stir other imaginations, which is subject to purely commercial aims, must suffer—must be degraded to the level of a trade.

Not that I have anything to say against trades, if they keep their place. No; what I have urged, and shall urge always, is that any human activity which has influence on minds, imaginations, public judgment, mass emotion, becomes a peril when money-making is made its sole or principal object. A politician speaking falsely for a bribe is not half so likely to do harm as a play that smirches decent feelings, or a newspaper that lowers the standard of popular intelligence by crude sensationalism.

The reply which many will make is: "The theatre, the cinema, above all the newspaper, *are* trades. Why deny it? Why attempt to blinker yourself against realities?"

To which my rejoinder is that I do admit the domination of

the trade element and so greatly deplore it, so sincerely consider it dangerous, that I am here protesting against it, and trying to suggest methods by which a check may be put upon some, at any rate, of its most repellent features.

The Press has gone through the same process of commercialization as the theatre. Newspapers, when I began my career as a journalist, were not looked on as profitable investments. The family which then owned the *Daily Telegraph* made a fortune out of it later on (by methods which were brought to light in a celebrated trial by Henry Labouchere); but no millionaire on the make would at that time have put money into newspapers. They were expected to pay their way; some did not even do that. That they would become one of the country's main industries occurred to nobody. They were organs of opinion, their circulations were small, they made no appeal to the crowd mind; they were, indeed, very dull. But their editors had a sense of responsibility, a sense of honour. Their dislike of sensationalism they carried too far—so far that, instead of securing for the Press a smooth evolution into popularity, they provoked a revolution in which they saw violently destroyed everything they cared for.

Yet the New Journalism born at the end of the century differed from the Old at first only in recognizing that a new reading public had grown up, a public produced by the universal schooling of Gladstone's 1870 Act. For the newspaper as organ of opinion this public had no use. Northcliffe was the first to see clearly that a New Journalism was called for. Stead and T. P. O'Connor had glimpses of it, but each was politically-minded. Northcliffe was not. His idea was that the new public wanted very little politics and a great deal more news of general interest. He widened the appeal of the newspaper; he made it touch life at many more points. So began the era of big circulations. Soon all the competitors for these were adopting the same methods. Soon it was discovered that advertisers would pay for big circulations at rates before undreamed of. Now came into view the spectre of a bundle of advertisements with a certain amount of reading matter thrown in to carry the reader's eye towards them.

It was a spectre to Northcliffe. He had started his *Daily*

Mail in 1896 as a paper of eight small pages ; he made its size one of its merits. It could be read through quickly, it was easy to carry, it was " the Busy Man's Newspaper." As it enlarged its daily output, so it increased the number of its pages. Its proprietor rejoiced in that ; he spurred on advertisement managers of a new type to widen the advertising field. But before he died he was at open war with them. He saw that he had created a monster which was sprawling its vast bulk over the popular Press, giving it an appearance and subjecting it to conditions which, as a journalist, he resented. He saw that newspapers had become organs of profit, that they were passing under the control of millionaires who had none but a financial interest in them. He knew this was for journalists a bad change. He had, in the judgment of the old editors, lowered Press standards ; now he foresaw that his successors' little fingers would be thicker than his loins. Finance capital was taking hold of newspapers, removing them from the control of newspaper men, making editors of small account, subordinating all else to the increase of advertisement revenue.

Since then the struggle for circulation has become frenzied. Upon the number of copies sold depend, not only the amounts of advertising which can be attracted, but the rates which can be charged. Hence the " bribery " of which Lord Camrose, chief proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, complained in a public speech, using that word. People of poor intelligence are bribed to sign promises to take this or that newspaper for twelve or sixteen weeks, the inducements ranging from dinner services and washing machines to men's trousers and women's underwear. This method of increasing circulation Lord Camrose condemned ; he did not believe, he said, that purchasers so allured read the papers for which they paid. In that opinion Lord Austin, the motor manufacturer, has concurred, saying that, as an advertiser, he " would rather see reading matter improved than all these offers of insurances and gifts."

There Lord Austin spoke as an advertiser, not as a business man. All who advertise in the Press want their insertions to be looked at ; if a large section of buyers have no interest beyond their " bribes " and throw away papers unread, the advertiser is throwing away his money. But, as a business man, Lord

Austin should have known that it is far easier to attract purchasers by bribery and ballyhoo than by improving the product for sale. Even Lord Camrose is obliged to recognize that, for shortly after he had made the speech from which I have quoted, one of his papers issued a contents bill bearing the offer of a more glaring bribe than any before or since: "You want money," it said, "We give it."

Buying purchasers is not, however, sufficient to keep circulations steady at a high figure. Some other bait must be used to catch those who want neither an electric iron nor the works of H. G. Wells, neither a washing-machine nor an encyclopædia. Big money prizes (running into thousands) for the winners of what are mere guessing competitions, though the law pretends not to notice it, have some value; but the chief attraction relied on by the millionaire controllers is the whipping-up of flabby nerves, the stirring into transient activity of sluggish brains, by the spurious excitement of "sensational news."

What a sensation is in the usual sense we all know. In journalese it means something that makes people turn to one another and exclaim "my God" or "oh lor." "Sensation in Court" describes exactly such a scene as that. On the contents bills of London evening papers the word is very often used—generally to hint at more than you will find if you buy a copy. A Stock Exchange firm fails—"City Sensation." Mr. Baldwin makes a speech—"Baldwin Sensation." An English batsman in Australia catches cold—"Cricket Sensation." The most skilful contents bill of this kind that I remember was not put out by an evening journal, however, but by the *Daily Express*. It consisted of four words:

WIDOW
MURDER
ARREST
SENSATION

That was an inspiration. It had feminine interest, crime interest, fugitive criminal interest—everything that Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere suppose the bulk of their readers to be passionately interested in.

Are they right or wrong? Who can say? Where are the tests? How gauge the liking for such stuff? The only available

measure of the attractiveness of a newspaper's contents is circulation. But what do we find? Both *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express* put their faith in sensations. Both purvey them with equal shamelessness. The "full story" of the Moscow executions printed by the one before they were carried out was balanced by the other's "unconfirmed report" of disaster to Colonel Lindbergh and his aeroplane. If Mr. Beverley Nichols was forced by the ghoulish tasks laid on him to resign from the *Mail*, an *Express* woman reporter sleuthing the Duchess of Marlborough after the Duke's death and refusing to go away had a jug of water thrown over her and described the episode as if it did her and the paper credit.

The belief of the Press Peers in the commercial value of what the Lord Chief Justice called "personal journalism" remains unshaken. If they were not convinced that it is essential to their prosperity, they would give orders for it to be dropped. Far from doing that, they seem to have instructed their staffs in the opposite sense. The *Daily Mirror* looks lately as if it were modelled on the New York tabloids. Although Lord Rothermere was a champion of King Edward VIII and was shouting in the *Mail* that "he must not go," the *Mirror* was printing pages of ill-natured gossip about him and Mrs. Simpson, which, whatever his own desire had been, would have made it impossible for him to stay.

In this case it could be pleaded that gossip was akin to news. The unwise hushing-up of the affair for so long had sharpened appetite for any information about it. No such excuse can be made for interference with private lives, for the pestering of people who have the misfortune to be in some way connected with suicides or criminals or victims of crime, or even persons wrongly supposed by News Editors to have been concerned in a mystery of some kind. To the last category belongs the incident that caused the Home Secretary to write his letter to the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. An old man of distinction died. A baseless rumour ran round that there was something to be "found out." His wife, old and grief-stricken, was disturbed during the night by reporters asking for information. Another old lady in weak health was, as her son-in-law put it in a letter to the Press, "reduced to a state of nervous exhaustion

by the relentless attentions of reporters both on the telephone and at her front door." This was the mother of the Mrs. Allen who paid a visit to a phrenologist with the Duke of Kent.

Even more disgraceful was the shadowing and pestering of the mother and sister of a girl who had died suddenly and into the cause of whose death an inquest was to be held. When they went to the house where the body lay, they were met on the doorstep by a number of reporters greedy for "news." They came out after their visit and had to undergo the ordeal anew. Then, taking a taxi, they were so rash as to give the driver the address of their hotel in a voice loud enough to be heard. The reporters raced them to it, mobbed them again when they arrived. They were followed into the hotel, for hours their persecutors prowled about the corridors. Their room telephone was kept going. A photograph was pushed under their door with a note asking if it was like the dead girl. One reporter engaged a room close by so that he could (in the words of an indignant relative) "pounce upon the ladies the moment they appeared in the morning."

Compared with episodes like those the complaint of the author of a best-selling American novel that she was upset by stories in London newspapers that she wrote under great difficulty, as her body and limbs had been for three years enclosed in plaster-of-Paris, the consequence of an accident, and that she was going blind, or would have gone blind but for an operation, sounds merely comic. One can smile, too, at the persistence of a reporter and photographer who gate-crashed into a hospital and persuaded one of the invalids to let them take a flash-light photograph of him (though it might have had alarming effects on his health). Such attempts to create small sensations ought to be severely discouraged, but the worrying of those who are unluckily mixed up in news stories, and the violent efforts made to buy the memoirs of murderers, the last statements of suicides, or "exclusives" from time-expired notorious prisoners, are matters graver by far.

The editor of one of Lord Rothermere's papers has proclaimed his readiness to refrain from "pestering and intruding on grief" (his own phrases) if the same self-restraint were shown by others! Should that self-restraint not be shown, the law

will step in, and newspaper work will be made more difficult, since the law will, as usual, leave its intentions vague and will make journalists dubious about a good many other things than those which are complained of, and which all the decent ones would gladly see suppressed. But they would far rather see it suppressed from within than by outside interference. They know who favour it; they know that newspaper men, even those who have to do such dirty work, dislike it, jeer at it. " Faking " and wangling and twisting news to suit the controller are now jested about in newspaper offices as they never were under Northcliffe and Arthur Pearson, Robert Donald and E. T. Cook. Newspaper men deplore this, even though they gibe at the Press lords. Can they do enough to stop it?

Well, the Institute of Journalists talked about doing something three years ago. The National Union of Journalists is now prepared to back any reporter who refuses to do such disgusting work, even to the length of calling a strike against the offending proprietor. But is it necessary either to fight it out thus, or to have Parliament called on to intervene? If Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere let it be known that they disapproved of reporters being used for such purposes (which most of them dislike as much as anybody) the other papers, which merely try to keep up with them, would be glad enough to fall into line. They are the chief offenders. Is the game worth while?

WORLD TRADE AND PEACE

By D. Graham Hutton

IT is ten years since the delegates of the nations unanimously decided at the World Economic Conference of 1927 that the time had come to arrest the rise in tariffs, and to move in an opposite direction. Since then, the trading world has encountered the worst economic depression in its history; a depression which, to a very large degree, was itself the postponed reckoning of the economic distortions and towering indebtedness amassed by the greatest war in history. This depression has made hay of the aspirations expressed so unanimously at Geneva ten years ago; for it has acted as a final, potent stimulus to all those post-war tendencies which reversed the pre-war trends of trade and political relations. The post-war era became one of national sovereignties in acute conflict more on the economic plane than upon the political. While national sovereignties were apotheosized, and some Empires grew larger on the spoils of Empires that had disappeared, "trade's proud empire" could not be properly put together again; in consequence, after a decade of ill-assorted national expedients—most of them of a protectionist kind—the world depression hastened it to a swift decay. By 1929, fifteen years after the outbreak of the war, the volume of world trade had only just passed the 1914 mark, despite a growth in population and technique of production. Between 1929 and 1932, it fell by one-third of its 1929 volume. From 1932 till 1936 it rose to four-fifths of its magnitude in 1929. There it remains.

Now the economic depression of 1929-35 might have been construed as a warning to the world's statesmen. In the event, the self-same politico-economic devices which had landed the nations in the depression of 1929-35 were intensified a hundredfold in order to lift the nations out of it. Far from coming down, tariffs went much higher; the strangling cord

of the import quota was put about the neck of international commerce; the post-war currency standard, so laboriously erected, was jettisoned; foreign lending by France and the Anglo-Saxon Powers, which had alone kept that standard intact, suddenly ceased; with its cessation went the structure of international indebtedness and the reparations and war debts which formed so large a share of it; and, finally, those countries which had till then maintained a broadly free-trading system—for example, the Netherlands, Belgium, Scandinavia, and Great Britain—were constrained to enlist themselves in the army of protectionists. Devaluations, *plus* the new protective systems, engendered purely national recoveries. These domestic revivals of business gathered way in all countries which began to combat the depression by monetary measures; for they created "cheap money" at home, lowered the real burden of debts, and—in conjunction with all the devices isolating domestic markets from those of the world—led to quick increases in the *tempo* of domestic business.

In this country we have just decided to wipe out the repayment of National Debt between 1924 and 1936 by financing re-armament, i.e., unproductive expenditure out of borrowed money. Behind our insulating mechanisms domestic "booms" are beginning to get under way; and, if States continue to manipulate money markets so that money remains technically "cheap," the combination of all these stimuli must result in headlong national business "booms." The danger is that these "booms" will in future be national affairs, unco-ordinated by any international standards of currency-value or of commerce.

At this point we must pause to consider the position of world trade as it was in 1930, and as it is today. In 1930, even despite the post-war tariffs, the nations still traded with each other on broad general principles. The most-favoured-nation clause, incorporated in most commercial treaties, ensured a broad equality of treatment for traders in all countries. If tariffs were raised or lowered, the burden or benefit was felt by all traders in that particular market. Geographically contiguous States, like Spain and Portugal, or France and Switzerland, were allowed to derogate from the strictest application of the clause; and so were the Empires and dependencies of States. The French or

British imperial preferences were always excluded from the scope of the clause.

Today, world trade is a mere sum of so many bilateral transactions, conducted on conflicting and disparate principles. Clearing agreements, payment and exchange agreements, bilateral trade treaties excluding the M.F.N. clause, barter (compensation) agreements, trilateral and multilateral compensation agreements (e.g., those of the Rome *bloc*, Italy, Austria, and Hungary)—all these innovations in commerce have destroyed the last vestiges of the pre-war unity of world trading relations.

Thus, " trade, which like blood should circularly flow," is now merely filling up so many stagnant pools. It is flowing in a little greater volume than in the depression ; and its value has risen much more with the recent rise in prices. But the total of world trade today is the sum of that commerce which takes place in so many different, and segregated, portions of the earth's surface. The first question—crucial as much for world peace as for world prosperity—is : Can the trading nations buttress the pillars of their purely domestic recovery by broadening its base, world trade ? That is a theoretical question. The second question is political ; the answer to it will be as decisive for world peace as for national prosperities. It is this : *will* they ?

In recent weeks it has seemed that the answer to this second, political question might be in the affirmative—at least as far as certain States are concerned. The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Runciman, has been visiting the United States ; and during what was termed a purely informal visit he managed to exchange views with President Roosevelt and the Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, on the feasibility of an Anglo-American commercial agreement. Again, only a few weeks ago the Swedish Foreign Minister, Hr. Sandler, voiced the opinion that the Scandinavian Powers, already united in what is known as the neutral Northern *bloc*, should do all in their power to expand their mutual commerce, together with any other States who, animated by the same objects, would join with them. This appeal fell on ready ears ; for the Prime Minister of the Netherlands, Dr. Colijn, whose passionate belief in the political appeasement caused by freer trade has been expressed throughout the

Great Depression, quickly responded ; and the Prime Minister of Belgium, M. Van Zeeland, whose belief in freer trade is that of a far-sighted economist, similarly welcomed the Scandinavian initiative. The King of Sweden visited Brussels with his Foreign Minister at the beginning of February, and Hr. Sandler then went to exchange views with Dr. Colijn at The Hague.

Before examining the chances of success behind these moves, let us consider why the initiatives came from Britain and Scandinavia. These countries were the first countries to cut the Gordian knot of deflation by the expedient of devaluation in 1931. Since then, they have enjoyed a long and fruitful period of purely domestic recovery, based on very cheap money rates ; and, since last summer, the rapidity of the rise in commodity prices has been immediately reflected in sharp rises in their respective bills for necessary imports of raw materials. Both in Sweden and Britain, economists have been recently pointing to the danger of a runaway boom, engendered by continuing cheap money, at the same time as the costs of industry and the cost of living—and therefore wages—rapidly rise. Such a boom, from gradual beginnings, might attain the dimensions of a real credit inflation. In both the Scandinavian countries and Britain, the domestic prosperity, born of the stimulus to investment which cheap money applies, has not been paralleled by an equivalent recovery in foreign trade. There is this difference : that in Britain the areas so " depressed " are industrial, and in Denmark, Sweden, and also Holland, these areas are agricultural ; yet both sets of areas are dependent on foreign trade in their respective products.

Now as far back as 1930, the Scandinavian countries, in the Oslo Convention of that year, agreed to call a tariff truce for one year ; not to raise tariffs, and to concert action for the reduction of tariffs in the future. The time was not auspicious ; it was at the outset of depression, and tariffs were rising everywhere, while the new device of the import quota was also being applied. Moreover, with their eyes on their dwindling foreign trade, other Powers, notably Great Britain, viewed this tendency to create a freer trading *bloc* as the very reverse from its intention, as an attempt to create a self-sufficient *bloc*. As with M. Briand's proposition for a European Union, and as, in 1932, with the ill-

fated Ouchy Convention between the Netherlands and Belgium-Luxemburg, British Governments tended to see in these initiatives threats to the general principle of the M.F.N. clause. At Geneva, and on other occasions, the British Governments insisted that no derogation from the scope and practice of that clause should be allowed.

There was some excuse for the adoption of this attitude before the depression was well under way. The British wanted to keep their foreign trade as high as possible. But at the end of 1932, when the British Government refused to forgo their M.F.N. rights in order to permit the conclusion of the Belgo-Dutch Ouchy Convention of that year, they themselves had agreed to turn their Empire into a closed economic preserve, which was a far more serious blow to the world at large than the conclusion of the Ouchy or Oslo Conventions could ever have been. Indeed, these Conventions could have provided a much-needed buffer of freer trade to damp the shock of depression ; but the Ottawa agreements foisted more depression on to the world as a whole.

The Oslo Convention was a mere stop-gap measure to call a halt in the tariffs race. The Ouchy Convention was far more important, and far more promising ; and it is to the principles of Ouchy that the Scandinavian and Belgo-Dutch *blocs* have returned during the last few weeks. The Belgo-Dutch initiative at Ouchy proposed annual 10 per cent. reductions in the two States' mutual tariff duties over a wide range of commonly traded commodities, which reductions were to continue at that rate for five years, when the original duties would have been halved. The Ouchy Convention was expressly stated to be open for adherence by all comers who would also agree to reciprocate such tariff concessions. Unfortunately, as has been described, Great Britain—the principal customer and chief trading nation of the world—refused to allow the derogations from the strict M.F.N. clause which, *at the outset*, such a reciprocal concession of tariff advantages between two or three States would undoubtedly have constituted. It was this British attitude which prevented the Oslo Powers from adhering to the Ouchy Convention, and from extending its possible range. It is important to note that if the British, Scandinavian, Swiss, and other States

had simultaneously put the principles of Ouchy into work, *reciprocally*, a freer-trading area would have come into being in 1932 or 1933; Holland and Belgium would have been forced to abandon their gold parities earlier than they did (Belgium in 1935, Holland last September, with France); and the very principles of reciprocal tariff reductions contained in the Ouchy Convention would have quickly forced other States to enter the ring. Of course, the Ouchy group of nations would have had to denounce the M.F.N. clause against States which did not enter their ring, either explicitly or implicitly, by not extending to such Powers the reciprocal tariff reductions accorded each other by the Ouchy group of States. As we have seen, Ottawa killed the Ouchy initiative. The great question today, after four years of crisis-prohibitions, crisis-quotas, and compensation agreements—all of which effectively derogate from the M.F.N. clause, as the League's Economic Committee has repeatedly pointed out—is: how will the British crisis-tariff, crisis-quotas, and Ottawa agreements affect the new proposals to free world trade of its crisis-fetters?

Britain during the 1933-36 recovery period concluded—"drove" would be a more precise term—commercial treaties of a bilateral kind with most of the Oslo-Ouchy group of States, who all depend to a decisive extent upon the British market. Most of these bilateral agreements describe *quantities* of British imports or exports, from or to these States respectively, which must be maintained, on both sides, within a given year. In the case of Denmark, for example, British imports of bacon and dairy produce are subjected to an effective quota system; in the case of Belgium, only so much Belgian steel can come into Britain under the (private but binding) arrangement with the British Iron and Steel Federation, which obtained a monopoly of the protection afforded the British steel industry in the depression. With Holland and other Scandinavian and Baltic States, the same broad principle has been followed, in order that the new British agricultural protection shall be carried out unimpaired by more than a certain amount of imports from abroad. Clearly, the Scandinavian States and Holland—Belgium supplies us mainly with semi-manufactures—cannot make freer trade simply by exchanging the same products, i.e., by taking in each other's

washing. And, if Poland and the Baltic States join in a freer-trading *bloc*, the same difficulty at once arises, for Britain has concluded bilateral trade agreements of the same order with them, too ; and they export to Britain commodities of much the same kind. It is, therefore, not enough to say : " Britain should join the new Scandinavian-Low Countries' freer-trade club." How is Britain to do it ?

Happily, there are now several considerations which render it both possible, and profitable, to this country to assist the new movement for freer trade. It is not for nothing that Mr. Runciman initiated the preliminary conversations with President Roosevelt and Mr. Secretary Cordell Hull for an Anglo-American trade agreement. Mr. Cordell Hull, and the President too, for that matter, has repeatedly urged the wisdom of freeing trade in the cause of world peace. In the message of the Secretary of State to the American Senate on February 10th, requesting them to renew the American Trade Agreements Act which gives the President power to conclude trade agreements on a strictly reciprocal basis, he said : " In the years that lie immediately ahead an adequate revival of international trade will be the most powerful single force for easing political tension and averting the danger of war." When he said this, Mr. Cordell Hull was assuredly not thinking of any war danger in the American Continent.

Later this year, the Imperial Conference will convene in London, and the Ottawa Agreements come up for renewal. Those agreements have not given British exporters the results they anticipated ; they have not expanded British exports to anything like the extent that British exports to *foreign* countries fell off after 1932. They account today for one-half of all our exports. The other half is now showing signs of expanding more rapidly than the purely British half. The re-alignment of the erstwhile gold *bloc* currencies and the accompanying Franco-American-British tripartite currency agreement of last September, have coincided with the rapid upward spurt of world prices and a rise in the volume of world trade ; and the international debtor-creditor nexus, so long frozen, is quickly thawing. The national economy of Great Britain, itself at the stage of an incipient domestic boom, stands—as it has always stood—to gain far more

from a *general* expansion of world trade, world purchasing power, and world shipping and finance, than from another dose of Ottawa, with its partial, deadening effects. If, on the threshold of purely national booms, and purely national price-rises, all the trading nations are once more to act as they did in the trough of depression ; if, once more, they are to devise local, narrow expedients in local, narrow markets, then local, narrow booms, and consequent local, narrow depressions, seem inevitable. What, then, can be done ; and what part can Britain play ?

There are three things which this country can now do ; and all are overdue. First, we should settle, by agreement, the British war debt to the United States, even if only for a certain period ahead and if only by a series of token payments. The consequent accession of American good will to this country would be enormous. This done, we should ourselves take the initiative in attempting to marry the principles of the new American tariff reciprocity agreements with those of the Ouchy Convention. We should instruct our own Ministry of Agriculture to concentrate on agricultural *marketing*—the designation of the original schemes under which agricultural protection was imposed on this country —and, henceforward, we should abolish most of the import quotas on foodstuffs entering this country. It would pay us rather to subsidise, out of the Budget, those branches of home agriculture which have still proved uneconomic after drastic marketing reorganization, and to revert to free trade in foodstuffs. And it might not be unwise to organize special shipping facilities for importation of foodstuffs, together with special storage facilities in view of a threat of war. The third line of advance emerges from the two former. It is the way in which the new Ottawa agreements are to be worked out. The disastrous mistake in 1932 was to use these agreements as a door which could be banged to, with the rest of the world outside. Since 1932, the world outside has gone from bad to worse politically ; Empires are now coveted by totalitarian States ; and the principle of economic trusteeship wears a tarnished appearance, as General Smuts has suggested. If the British Government this year want to make a bold step forward towards freer trade, they can set about it by co-operating with the United States, the Oslo and Ouchy group of States, and the British Dominions.

They can proceed on two conditions: first, that in future the M.F.N. clause is not to be unconditional, but to be confined to States that reciprocally accord each other special concessions; and, secondly, that trade between these trading nations—which comprise the Empires of the world, and the world's remaining democracies—*must* be freed from the hindrances imposed during a depression which has well-nigh disappeared. After the devaluations last September, Britain, the United States, France, Holland and Switzerland can dispose of the monetary resources required to manage the exchange relationships of this freer-trading club of nations. Only a small beginning in tariff reductions, coupled with abolition of import quotas, would work immediate benefits to all participants. And once the club was really founded and made a going concern, it would spread—as it should—over a wide area. Its membership would be open to all comers who would observe its fiscal articles. Very soon, scarcely any nation could afford to remain outside it, just as very few could afford to remain at the old gold parities.

The initiatives of British, American, French, Belgian, Dutch and Scandinavian statesmen during the first two months of 1937 for the expansion of international trade are abundant evidence that the democratic Governments of the world recognize the causal connection between commerce and peace. Maybe the Sibyl who offered us a little wisdom at Oslo in 1930 and again at Ouchy in 1932 has called for a third time in 1937. The trading democracies of the world—among whom we are chief—should beware of sending her away again. They have not builded upon wisdom, either in politics or in economics, since the depression began. And they have most to lose.

THE JURY

By V. S. Pritchett

"THIS is a tedious business," I said, turning to the elderly Jew who was sitting behind me. His eyes closed up in two curved clownish slits and creases came over his forehead and scalp as if he were squeezing the humour out of his head.

"Vot a business!" he said. "Vot a business. No competition." He twinkled at the court, at the judge who had a face like one of those little joints of meat already tied up and priced in the cheap butchers' shops, and then over the laundered bibs of the even meatier Counsel, to the empty dock. If you have been to an elementary school there is nothing unfamiliar about Quarter Sessions; there is the same smell of varnish, new wood and polish, there is the same inescapable odour of the tutelary State, the same voice, not even decently lowered: privacy and understanding must be paid for, if you haven't got the money you've got to be public. Sitting there, waiting for the next prisoner to come into the dock, was like being in the fourth standard again and waiting for the health inspector to come in with his tooth comb and bowl of water and call out the dirtier boys from the class. There you had it: the authority on one side, well-fed, indulgent, amused and clean—Oh, God, they looked so clean and polished!—and on the other side were us, the scum.

Being jurymen we were not quite scum; the real scum, I suppose, was in the dock. There were twenty-four of us, but ours was the second dozen who simply had to listen and do nothing, waiting for the first dozen to disagree. If we were not scum we were a nasty lot and we knew it.

Most of us were either senile or half-witted. Some of the older ones slept; there was an Italian who kept going out to the lavatory by the wrong door and the usher always had to rush

to bring him back. But our chief figure was a wheezing old man of seventy with a bad cold, who sneezed with a noise that echoed all over the court, and then spat into a red handkerchief which he held at arm's length. We edged away from him, publicly to dissociate ourselves from such behaviour ; but our move of refinement made no impression. A look of disgust came to the face of the clerk of the Court, a look of contempt not only for this red-lidded old wheezer, but for the lot of us.

We were waiting for the next case. The superior dozen had worked well. They had risen singly before the usher and rattled off the oath ; they had also chanted it in choir. They had dealt with a footman who had stolen 10d. from the A.B.C., with a cheque-forging dipsomaniac, a trim young burglar who specialised in gold-handled umbrellas—once he had taken eighty-five, stripped off the gold and had buried them in a wood —and a handful of garage-breaking youths who were out of work. They had all come back to the elementary school : justice is the same for all in this country, but it smells differently to different people. There was an old woman who had to be declared insane. She had been continuously undressing in custody, an embarrassment to wardresses. She peered under the dock rail, for she was short and crouching, like a fanatical monkey and picked very far up her nose. She wanted them to shoot her, she said, and get it over.

Then the doors opened and two men sprang up the stairs into the dock, pale and quick-eyed like all the prisoners, taking a look all round to see what they were up against. They were like a pair of step dancers. One was lank and lean, with weak protruding eyes full of unwillingness ; the other was square and defiant, broken-nosed, the sullen sparring partner.

Well, Counsel said, looking over his glasses at the dock and turning away as if he had had a shock. Well, Counsel said, this was a case in which two prisoners were charged with conspiring to steal a race ticket out of the breast pocket of a young man on a well-known greyhound track. . . .

Of course, Counsel was not as brief as that. Only slowly out of a labyrinth did the details ooze their way. We looked at the clock. The time was eleven twenty. At eleven fifty, like an

ecclesiast astray in the prayer and the collect, Counsel was still going on and the judge said :

" I understand, Mr . . . , that the ticket which you say was protruding from the gentleman's pocket, was not actually taken ? "

" The theft was attempted and not successful, that is so," replied Counsel.

We were disappointed. We saw that the case threatened to become metaphysical. What we wanted was action. We looked at the clock again.

Thin Man, it appeared, was standing near young man just before the third race began, when Sparring Partner appeared. Thereupon Thin Man was observed to signal to Sparring Partner indicating possibilities of protruding ticket. . . .

" How far was the ticket protruding, Mr . . . ? "

" About an inch, in the breast pocket."

——indicating possibilities of protruding ticket, then to close upon young man and under cover of a raised race card, with a quick motion of the fingers, he attempted to nip the ticket out.

" And failed ? " observed the judge, turning with disparagement to us, and we passed on the disparagement of such incompetence to the dock.

Detective Sergeant Scotland Yard had seen the act, and his hand had come down hard on Thin Man's shoulder.

The man we wanted to see was the victim and he was called. Oh, *qu'il était bleu le ciel et grand l'espoir !* He was young. He came in his best grey suit, shyly smirking in the pastures of innocence, always ready to oblige, the soft-voiced shoe-shop assistant asking for the next pleasure. On the soft-downed threshold of manhood he was, a bit of a hero in an unassuming way about this public unveiling of his secret passion for the dogs.

Did he see the attempt ?

Oh no ! (Smile, half bow.)

What race was the ticket for ?

It was for the first. (Further smile and bow.)

And this was the third race ?

Yes. (The same smile continued, very soft, very obliging. " We have it also in light tan, dark tan, glacé and navy.")

" And did the dog win ? " asked the judge.

Then the smile turned to this new customer for questions.

" Oh, no," the young man said.

Moreover, he had backed other dogs and they also had lost. He became modestly aware of an obscure greatness in being the sucker who always loses at the dogs.

" One never hears of anyone winning at the dogs," said the judge. " Have you ever heard of anyone winning, Mr. . . . ? "

" I have not, my lord," said Counsel.

The eyes of the prisoners blazed for a moment in outraged protest.

It had long gone twelve. Two more men in our dozen were asleep. My neighbour was reading a novel. Across the questions came the sounds of rain and municipal trams, and the thick monotonous clearances of our old man. But although we were scum, there was a love of action in us, and when the judge told the young man to put the ticket in his pocket to let us see how much was showing, we were grateful.

This episode excited even the masters. First of all the young man did the trick with his handkerchief, and there was some dispute about whether a handkerchief was a fair test. The young man, whose smile was always like a pale shop light on his face, looked as though he would have liked a mirror. At last the Court decided on realism. The ticket was brought. Gingerly the young man took it, the smile went as he felt for his breast pocket and inserted the ticket and then—" Look at me, this is what I was like before, all unknowing and owing solely to the surprising skill of Detective Sergeant Scotland Yard, I find myself in the vortex, a doggy Old Boy returning to the school " —the smile lit up. It was a mild and disarming effulgence. All eyes went to his pocket. The judge looked, the detectives looked, counsel looked, the prisoners sat up straight and stared, and there was a grin of perfect pleasure on our faces.

Not an inch, not a millimetre, not a glint of the ticket was showing.

It was well after twelve now. We began to have that restless feeling of a class kept in. The judge did what he could for us. The detective was called. He stepped up with the air of a man who has come out of a barber's after a fortnight by the sea. He looked the judge in the eye, and the judge turned away and

pretended to be very silly and looked over to us—and how proud we were !—smiling over his glasses as much as to say " Listen to the School Captain. . . ."

Apparently the detective had seen Thin Man make a gesture. That was very important.

" What do you mean by a gesture ? " said the judge.

" A signal," said Scotland Yard. " With his hands."

" I was standing a couple of yards behind him and I saw him make this gesture."

Then the judge, remembering how we enjoyed action, asked softly :

" Could you do it for us here ? "

" Certainly," said the detective.

The court turned for the performance. It was remarkable. The detective straightened himself, raised his right arm and, then flew into a semaphore of jerked thumb movements which came to rest in symbolical indication of a ticket in a breast pocket.

The judge took off his glasses and rubbed them. Then he put them on and gazed at the detective.

" Do you think," said the judge in a childish voice full of innocent pleasure. " Do you think you could do that for us again."

If we had been grateful the first time, you can imagine our delight the second time, with the captain standing out there in the front of the class. But the judge had better still for us after the gesture had been repeated. What, he asked, did the detective take that gesture to mean ?

" I took it to mean that he was pointing out the ticket to the other man coming up so that he could steal it."

We were surprised at the judge. Then we saw him shake his head sadly.

" What a suspicious man you are ! " he said, wagging his head miserably. And we thought, sympathetically, " Yes, detectives are suspicious men. Even the backs of their necks, where the hair is so close cut and shaven into hundreds of sharp short hair, look suspicious ! "

" Because," said the judge, still very sadly, " If you were behind him you wouldn't see his breast pocket, would you ? Because it was in front ? "

But a case cannot remain on this high level ; soon it sags and drags and meanders, evidence nibbles away at its climaxes, yawns smother its course. There are periods in which it seems not to go forward to an end, but backwards into decomposition and unthought of fog.

Thin Man gave evidence, in one of those voices which are like shuffling, grumbling feet ; Counsel, like the health inspector with his tooth comb and bowl of water, went over and over him and got what he could for the bowl. There was not much. A quarter to one and where were we ? The mystery of the Trinity—Thin Man, Sparring Partner and victim—is insoluble. The only real progress made by anything in the court was the cold and catarrh of our old man ; some of his clearances awoke even our sleeping members.

They called Sparring Partner to redeem the plot. He was less pale and beerier than his fellow. Thin Man mouthed moral grievance, but there was no moral concern about Sparring Partner. He did not mind being in the dock. What he objected to was the affront to personal dignity. You fight it, but it gets you again and again, the school smell, the state smell, the varnish of compulsory education. You have to take it because they've got you, disarmed you, just when you want to give them a swipe in the jaw.

He was tough and terse. Yes ! No ! That's not true ! (Meaning " bloody twister.") He's wrong. I wasn't. I didn't. Never seen him before.

It could not be said that he stuck out his jaw because his jaw stuck out in the course of nature. You could not say he had got defiant and was about to offer to take on any ten men in the court, because he was always in this state. It was normal and passive with him. Counsel potted, but he caught the shot in his hand and sent it back. Scotland Yard was flicked off easily. Sparring Partner was like a man training on a punch ball. Pleasing at first, the performance became monotonous. We looked appealingly at the judge and the judge looked thoughtfully at us, wanting in his sympathy to do something for us. And now all Sparring Partner's opponents had been efficiently floored. There was silence.

The judge moved in his skirts.

" You say," said the judge, " you were standing in the crowd at this time. What were you doing ? "

The Sparring Partner stared, hesitated, and then we saw a change in him. Ah ! Had we surprised him !

" What was I doing ? When ? "

" When you were in the crowd."

" When I was in the crowd ? "

His muscles relaxed, his hands moved uncomfortably along the box, his lips softened uneasily, he shifted his stance. This was crisis. We could see it.

" Tell us what you were doing," said the judge. Sparring Partner gave him an appealing look. There was the appeal in his eyes, the half-smile on the face of one who has received a knock-out. The eyelids lowered, the body drooped.

The smile became a drooping simper. He wriggled to his collapse.

" Milord," he said. " I was 'avin' an ice cornet."

Farewell the Lonsdale belt, alas the Bombardier !

Then our old man leaned back in his seat, pulled out his handkerchief, extended his arm and sent out three of the largest spits he had yet achieved and sneezed with them. I have never seen the like. It was a noise and an effect that went far beyond *us*, falling upon the court like a sharp shower of nails. The clerk looked up from his book and his lips were curled with outrage and a disgust that even he could not surpass. As before, it swept over the lot of us. He whispered to the usher and nodded at our twelve with an indication that we were beyond the contemplation of decent men.

" Second jury discharged," said the usher, coming over to us. " Clear out and don't come back."

Rejected by the State, unworthy any more to smell the municipal polishes, we scattered like fleas to the tube ; we never knew what happened to Thin Man and Sparring Partner. The case may be going on still.

THE EMERGENCE OF TURKEY

By Kenneth Williams

OF all the instances of national regeneration or reformation offered in the post-War years, none is more astonishing than that of Turkey, which, under the leadership of the Atatürk, has risen from the dust of defeat to a shining place in the counsels of the world. This is no rhetorical boast by Kemalists. It is a demonstrable fact. Turkey, moreover, has gained this place not by threat and bluster, nor by so re-arming as to make her neighbours quake or unable to resist her. On the contrary. In contradistinction to certain other wholly or semi-totalitarian States, Turkey has scrupulously fulfilled her international obligations and has honoured all her pledges. When she has wanted international sanction for a vital change affecting her future, she has asked for and obtained it in a constitutional manner. She has pursued her internal reforms without arousing suspicion anywhere of warlike intentions.

The world has become so accustomed to the notion of a modernized Turkey that it is necessary, in order to obtain correct perspective, to recall that it is not long since that she was attempting to extend her moral and material influence in three Continents: in Asia, in Africa, and in Europe. In this effort the Turkish people themselves, the inhabitants, that is, of Asia Minor, were the spearhead. Today, they have renounced the effort. But they have not renounced their inner capacity, nor their endurance. Rather have they turned those qualities inwards, to develop them for the building up of a strong, progressive State, as opposed to the propping up of an effete Imperial domination over non-Turkish peoples. It is this transformation of ideal, more than any particular detail of the Turkish revolution, which is, in the historical sense, the most notable aspect of modern Turkey. Through renunciation the Turkish nation, who could not and do not desire to carry the burden of administering

distant lands, has become free. Through deliberate abnegation Turkey has found, or is in process of finding, its own soul. At a time when irredentism or territorial ambition is one of the world's issues, a strong country unaffected by this urge is surely one worth cultivating.

These, however, are generalities. Let us test them in the light of facts. It will not be contested that, in the last year or two, Turkey has come more and more into the limelight of international affairs. Many there were who, when the dispute between the Ottoman Caliph-Sultan and the Nationalists of Ankara was raging, profoundly misread the signs of the times. The late Lord Balfour, for example, in 1920 called Mustafa Kemal a " bandit who stood for everything that was opposed to the League of Nations." This " bandit " is today one of the most admired of dictators, and there is no more staunch supporter of the League of Nations than his country. Others, casting their minds over the centuries of Ottoman stagnation and misrule, believed that the primitive virtue of the Turk—the Seljuk and early Ottoman Turk of the pre-harem period—had for ever departed, and that renascence was impossible to him. Talk of reform they had heard before—it meant nothing, they thought, but that a new oppression would ensue. As the old-fashioned Turks used to say when some ebullient Turk proclaimed that he was bringing to Anatolia a new heaven and a new earth : *eski hamam eski tas*—" it's the same old bath and the same old bath-bowl ! "

But such doubts are behind us, dead, almost forgotten. A new generation has arisen in Turkey, with an impetus which, if deriving originally from the Atatürk, will surely survive his decease. No " one-man show " is the Kemalist State. The enthusiasm in Turkey for progress, mental, physical, and material, is terrific. At the beginning, doubtless, stringent examples had to be made of the reactionaries, to whom little tenderness was officially shown ; and today there is still only one party in the State. It is the young and the middle-aged who have now forged to the front and hold the reins of the future in their hands. The development of Turkey, their country's strength and self-sufficiency, appeals to them almost with the force of a religion, and although they pay what to older lands may seem an hysterical

homage to their leader, there is in fact very little that is hysterical or artificial in Turkey's resolve to march forward.

The constancy and consistency of the Turkish reformation are very impressive. It is true that the reformers had ground cultivated eighty years ago (when the changes known as the *Tanzimat* were first mooted) on which to sow anew. There were wise, progressive Turks before the Atatürk was born. This, indeed, is recognized in Turkey today. Yet the title of pioneers will not be withheld from the Kemalists, who at the close of the Great War found their nation in ruins, perplexed and panting, and yet evoked from it the spirit of virility and patient courage. This pioneering aspect is reflected vividly in their choice of capital, Ankara, the remote provincial town which, under the influence of the latest European style of architecture, is fast becoming a modern city.

But how many people, young or old, can come into their own without causing violent antagonisms? How many in Europe, for instance, have so regenerated themselves and attracted no fearful or envious looks? How many have been constantly faithful to their pledged word? Turkey, however, has in the process of her reformation made few if any enemies. Rather the reverse. Even of wartime and post-wartime foes she has made friends. In Asia she is on the closest terms, not only with "neutrals" such as Iran and Afghanistan, but also with all the Arab countries previously her subjects (with the temporary exception of Syria, of which more presently). With Soviet Russia she has the longest standing friendship of all. In Europe she has won—and it was a conquest—the friendship of the Greeks, the very people who, backed by a short-sighted policy, were sent after the War to dismember a Turkey at the lowest stage of its fortunes. But the list of Turkey's friends is by no means confined to the smaller Powers or her immediate neighbours. She can claim to be on the best of terms with practically every country in the world with whom she has dealings. Until the beginning of February, Italy might have been held to be an exception, clouding this rosy outlook, but the conversations then between the Turkish Foreign Minister and the Italian Foreign Minister have succeeded in smoothing away at any rate some of the sources of irritation.

This is a remarkable achievement, sufficient to give the observer pause. A Turkish newspaper claimed recently, in speaking of the *blocs* into which some politicians would divide the world, that Turkey knew only one *bloc*—the *bloc* of peace. It was a just diagnosis. Being under a dictatorship (though it is not called by that name in Turkey itself), yet being possessed of little ideological nonsense, the Ankara Government knows well how to keep her relations sweet with Bolshevik Russia on the one hand, and with parliamentary Britain and France on the other. To Turkey it matters not whether a land is under a constitutional or an autocratic regime : sentiment plays no visible part in the composition of the Atatürk.

Take, as an example of Turkish clear-headedness, the relations of Ankara with London. For some years after the War these were cold, very cold indeed. Nothing was too malevolent to be ascribed to the British. If anything went amiss in Turkey, whether it were purely local dissatisfaction with reforms or organised Kurdish rebellion, British agents were commonly held to be responsible. The late T. E. Lawrence was frequently regarded as the " nigger in the wood-pile." Several times Turco-British relations were severely strained. Not even yet is it realized how near England and Iraq were to war with Turkey at the time of the Mosul crisis. But that crisis passed. The 1926 treaty between Turkey and Iraq sealed its passing. And from that date to this relations between the three countries have steadily improved, if with no undue haste, until at last public feeling goes hand in hand with common interest. Even to the man-in-the-street in Istanbul and London it was apparent during the sanctions crisis that British interests and Turkish interests were largely identical. Prepared some years earlier by skilful diploma the moment was ripe for this proof of common regard. How general that sentiment was was shown during the visit last year of ex-King Edward VIII to Istanbul, an event that spontaneously served to crystallize the lively feeling of regard for Great Britain.

The bonds between the two countries have been growing tighter every year during the past decade. This movement has, as already said, been fostered by clever diplomatists on either side, but there is nothing Machiavellian about it. Turkey has

behaved with the utmost correctness in all her international dealings, yet that record, refreshing as it may be in these modern times, would not alone have enabled her to obtain the permission to re-fortify the Straits which she got at the Montreux Conference last July. England, like other European Powers, was relieved at the constitutional way in which Turkey raised this particular issue, and was only too glad for her part to congratulate Turkey on her attitude, but her relief might have been well concealed had she not previously convinced herself of the *bona fides* of the Turkish Government. A strong Turkey is essential to stability in the Eastern Mediterranean, and that stability would be difficult to attain without virtual Turkish control of the Straits.

What may strike the average Briton even more forcibly than moves on the diplomatic chequer-board is the recent decision by the Turkish Government to utilize the services of a British firm in the capacity of consulting engineer and technical adviser. That the Ankara Government, in face of fiercest competition by a host of people, German, Dutch, Swedish, Swiss, and others, should have chosen to confide this very responsible task to Sir Alexander Gibb is indeed an evidence of Turkish faith in the integrity and disinterestedness of Great Britain which it is impossible to overlook. In the old Ottoman days there would have been protracted negotiations before such a decision was made and a plentiful distribution of " baksheesh." I happen to know that at the outset the Turkish Minister of Development, who was primarily responsible for the decision, said that the slightest hint of " baksheesh " would disqualify a claimant. In the event, the contract between the Turkish Government and the British firm was signed in the shortest possible space of time. Those who know the record of Sir Alexander Gibb, who has done notable work all over the world, from China to Colombia, cannot but congratulate the Turkish Administration on their perspicacity. The modern Turk is a shrewd, penetrating observer. The industrialization and the defence of his country are what he has most set his heart on, and assuredly it was no unconsidered thought that made him contract with Sir Alexander Gibb.

A more political example of the conviction of the Turks that Great Britain is disinterestedly concerned for their welfare was provided by the dispute over the *sanjaq* of Alexandretta, which

threatened a storm towards the end of last year. Turkey had in that matter as poor a juridical case as in the dispute, more than a decade earlier, over the Mosul vilayet. None supported her juridical case. Neither her figures giving the numbers of Turks within the *sanjaq* nor her stories concerning the ill-treatment of those Turks were accepted. Despite that, however, she pitched her claims resolutely, and for a time a very ominous feeling appeared to overtake the Turkish nation. The Kemalists, there is no doubt, were in grim earnest, and seemed prepared even to sacrifice their friendship with the French, a friendship of longer standing than that with the British. (Turco-French relations had been cordial ever since the Treaty of Ankara of 1921). For a short while, in fact, the Turkish publicists showed signs of belligerency, and some foreign observers feared lest the dictator should outshine the statesman. Yet the Turkish Government, aided notably by the British Government and by the counsel of other neutral advisers, remained firm to League principles ; it scaled down its demands, and the League's decision was ultimately adopted last January. The attitude of the Syrians themselves was over-ruled—but that is a matter outside the scope of the present essay.

A word about the Turkish attitude towards the Arab sections of the old Ottoman Empire. The so-called " godlessness " of the new Turkey may be deplored by the older-fashioned Arab, especially in the freedom accorded by the Ankara Government to women, but it is unquestionable that by the so-called progressively-minded Arabs the modernizing lead of the Atatürk is much admired. The new Arab Nationalism, whether in Syria or Iraq, has much in common with the ideals of Turkish Nationalism, even if there be obvious points of difference. But Turkey appears to be sublimely indifferent to the criticisms of the Arab Nationalists, who have indubitably been vexed by the insistence of Ankara on the question of the Alexandretta *sanjaq*. The Syrians have pointed out that there are in Turkey proper numerous communities of Arabs who are as fully entitled to autonomy as are the Turks of the disputed *sanjaq*. In vain. They have offered, on the lines of the historic exchange of Greek and Turkish populations, to exchange the Turks of Alexandretta for the Arabs of Anatolia. Again in vain. This Turkish hardness

shocked and surprised the Arabs, who even imagined that England must be behind the Turks in their demands on Alexandretta. But the Syrians have always been inclined to doubt the *bona fides* of Great Britain, believing that this country consistently opposed the ending of the mandatory regime in Syria, for fear of possible repercussions in the mandated territory of Palestine.

The truth is that Turkey turns her eyes westwards, alike for inspiration and for possible complications. From her neighbours to the north, east, and south, she has little to fear.

Thus secure in her rear and flanks, she can look to the west with some confidence. Already her position there is comfortably buttressed. In the formation, in 1934, of the Balkan Pact, consisting of Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey, she took a leading part, and visits of Balkan statesmen to Ankara since that time have become increasingly frequent. It is not too much to say indeed that she is the mentor of the Balkan countries, consulted by them on every possible occasion. To her they look, generally profitably, as to an impartial adviser, one who is of them yet outside them, whose interests are sufficiently bound up with theirs to make realist and beneficial advice incumbent. Nor have the Balkan States been disappointed. Turkey has had to play her cards skilfully, particularly as Bulgaria is not a member of the Balkan Entente, and some may attribute a measure of casuistry to her. But she has shown remarkable adeptness.

No: if Turkey has had recent apprehensions, these derive from west of the Balkans. The Turks have never forgotten the plans of Allied statesmen, who wished to divide up Anatolia into French, British, and Italian spheres of influence. They have not forgotten the abortive Treaty of Sèvres. But they are now convinced that neither France nor Great Britain has any designs on the territory which they have sworn to defend. The relations which they have cultivated with both Paris and London are not the kind of relations which could possibly be preserved were there present the slightest element of suspicion or ill-will. An incompletely developed country like Turkey gives large contracts only to those who are its friends or to those from whom no hurt is conceivable. And so, while Germany continues to possess the bulk of the export trade of Turkey, it is mainly Russia and

Britain who are being called in to help her in her vast schemes of internal exploitation and development.

But Turkey's position *vis-à-vis* Italy badly needed regularizing. The Italians never forgave themselves for allowing the unfortunate Greeks to enter Anatolia after the War, and certain indiscreet speeches in Rome tended to confirm the Turks' suspicions that the Capitol still sighed over the lost opportunity of Italian peasants tending the vines on the fair hills of Asia Minor and tilling the land in its wide plains. Tension between the two States was furthered by the part taken by Turkey in conformity with her League obligations in the matter of the invasion of Ethiopia. The whole Mediterranean position became menacing. However, the British having regulated their relations with Italy in respect of the Middle Sea, it followed as a natural consequence that Turkey should similarly regulate hers. This aim was accomplished early in February at a meeting between Dr. Rustu Aras, Turkish Foreign Minister, and Count Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister. Both men are eminent realists, though there is in Dr. Aras a genuine passion for the League, and since both chose to say that accord had been reached, the respective peoples of their countries should be satisfied. It is not easy to prevent the tideless waters of the Mediterranean from being lashed into occasional fury, but the statesmen concerned have certainly done their best to forestall a storm therein.

That Turkey, given no war, will increase her stature and capacity is not open to doubt. She has finished one Five-Year-Plan, and is now grappling enthusiastically with another. In her aim of self-sufficiency much has already been accomplished. In due course she will herself produce all the cotton textiles she needs, an enterprise in which she is being enormously benefited by the advice of the U.S.S.R. She has taken considerable quantities of agricultural and industrial machinery from Russia. Nor does she any longer have to import such things as coal, cement, or sugar. The development of her communications, whether by road, rail, or air, is probably too well known to mention here. Suffice it to say that the Turks are resolved to command the best brains that their money can attract, irrespective of the countries from which they come, in their determination to equip themselves as a wholly modern country. Nor are they, despite

the immense impetus given to industrialization, committing the fault, common enough with industrial or semi-industrial nations, of neglecting agriculture, which, as they realize, must ever be the bedrock of their national economy.

Man cannot, however, live by machinery alone. Like other nations in the process of reformation, the Turks have demanded a " myth," or inspiration under which to work. This they have discovered in a theory that from the Turks derived the world's first civilization. Turkish historians assert—and the doctrine is now being officially taught in Turkey—that civilization began in Central Asia, peopled then by Turks. These Turks, for various reasons, mainly climatic, were forced to emigrate, and it was they who carried the torch of civilization to Europe, Africa, America, and Oceania. This claim the modern Turks attempt to prove by means of what is known as the " Sun Language " theory, a theory that is far too technical to be touched on here. Through it, the Turks trace all Indo-European languages back to a Turkish origin—which makes the original Turks mighty men indeed.

The claim is virtually made that the Turks are Europeans. Certainly they wish so to be regarded. Gone is their formal connection with the Semitic religion of Islam. If a Turk wishes to be a Muslim, or a Christian or anything else—well, that is his affair, not the concern of the State. The one thing that he must be is a Turk, alike in race and speech. The Turks have cast aside all extraneous words from their vocabulary, which is now pure Turkish, written in a special Latin alphabet.

To sum up. Turkey today presents the spectacle of a determined, well-knit, trustworthy people. Lacking irredentist claims, the state is a factor for stability and peace. It is true that it has still far to go, alike in the education of the people and in the exploitation of natural resources. It is also true that under an authoritative regime those people could be roused to passion on a false issue—witness the excitement engendered over inaccurate reports concerning the population of the Alexandretta *sanjaq* and their ill-treatment. But, taken by and large, the emergence of a homogeneous, progressive Turkey is a thing for which to be grateful in this all too unstable world.

WE WELSH

By Caradoc Evans

WELSH Nonconformity is the most profitable industry in Wales. It enfolds Methodists, Congregationalists, and Baptists. Which way it walks, Wales walks. Today it is walking towards England and its track is thick with chips of its conscience.

From its head rose the Nationalist Party and from its mouth came the nationalist cry " Wales for the Welsh," and it placed at the service of the Party its chapels for storehouses of public appointments. The Party honoured its trust and was watchful that the best jobs were given to the best chapellers. Then someone said the cry was corrupt and found another in " Dominion status for Wales."

Sincerity is no handmaid to religious politics. Nonconformity cut off the Nationalists. Some time last year the Government built an aerodrome in the Lleyn Peninsula, partly with the intent of easing unemployment. Nationalists told the Government plain and straight that Welsh land is holy land and their prophets warned the people of bombs which kill women and children and of roaring engines which frighten ewes and cows into sterility. None heeded them.

The aerodrome was built and on a day three Nationalist leaders set it on fire. They confessed their guilt. They stood their trial before a Welsh jury and the jury disagreed. Their second trial was removed to the Old Bailey and they were sent to prison. Until then Wales knew nothing of her demand for Dominion status.

The business stirred no ecstatic poet into rebellious frenzy. The talk was : You insure your haystacks and if there is a little fire, well-well, the gainings are more than the losings. There was no riot or sermon to glorify the only three Welshmen who have ever sacrificed their liberty for an opinion. The trials revealed

that the Party's funds were low. A cashless cause freezes Welsh feet. Already many nationalist feet are toasting at the fires of the Georgians, the Simonites, the Samuelites, and the Labourites, and in the glowing flames they seek golden rewards.

Wales is unmoved, despite the warning of the faithful that soon the English will prohibit the Welsh language and Welsh trials for Welsh people. Only one in three of us can speak Welsh and Welsh-speaking justices have made us hate justice. Welsh choirs are threatening to strike against this year's National Eisteddfod for the reason that all the adjudicators are Welsh.

Wales is in the fantastic throes of a nation that is losing its culture. We do not want Dominion status and anybody can have our language for nothing to pay. Gladstone inflamed us with his phrase " Gallant little Principality." He was the first big Englishman to address us in English, and his flattery excited in us a desire to jump out of our skin. For this we have canonized him. There is scarce a house without his portrait, and there are thousands of people who say that the portrait fell at the moment of his death.

With Gladstone's phrase we begin to anglicize ourselves. We cast aside the fairies who enchant milk from dry cows and turn pale cream into yellow butter, who at fairs shoot hearts with love-charms, and who make a halfpennyworth of barm go as far as a pennyworth ; we cast aside the witches who throw a blight upon an enemy's cattle and crops and who give an old horse new teeth for to cheat a horse-dealer, the robin who goes down into hell with water for some beloved sinner, and the wizard who eats the sins of a dead man that his spirit shall lightly ascend. A nation that loses its fairies and witches loses its soul.

Our Grade A men are impatient and off they go to England, and if they make their mark on nothing, they are contented in that they are in the country of the blessed. In his Anglicizing process there are two things a Welshman never loses. These are his Welsh bible and his Welsh hymn-book, for in his heart he knows there is no other god than chapel god.

The Welsh who stay in Wales are not unprepared for the day that Wales shall be a part of England. Our language is bespattered with English words. You will hear " Mae'r clock

wedi streiko twelve," meaning " The clock has struck twelve," or " Faint o gash am a vote ? " meaning " How much cash for the vote ? " Preachers are familiarizing themselves with English. One, discoursing on Bible English, said that " Jesus wept " should be " Jesus made a weep."

Nonconformity has become an intricate art. In the beginning its conscience was free of politics and clearly marked ; and though today that conscience is a tangled maze of twisted ruts, it is seldom that any artist takes a way that ends in jail. Envious bunglers say we are thieves. We answer : Catch us if you can. Some say we are hypocrites. In prayer we pray loud enough for all the gods to hear. We observe the Sabbath. If on the Sabbath we have to knock a few nails into something, we do so where none can hear us.

After religion our greatest art is oratory. The most inspired orators become preacher-shepherds and professors of all the religious joints. They can preach for an hour and say nothing, and they can bury a husband with a prayer as deep and wide as his widow's purse. They are our Sabbath actors. In their pulpit they are Moses and Jacob and Abraham, the Widow of Nain and the lost sheep, and Matthew and Mark and Luke and John, but their favourite part is Peter the doorkeeper of Heaven.

The chapel slogan is " Up with chapels and down with beer." A beerless stomach is a surer passport into heaven than a humble heart. Fifty years ago the theatre and beer were twin sisters begotten of the devil. Beer still is, though many a Methodist chapel has been built by beer money. But the drama has been forgiven and cleansed ; and it has been made into a cash-box of the chapel. In bygone days when a chapel wanted new walls or pews or a harmonium or a clock or a Bible cushion, the big heads hit your nose with a plate collection until you brought forth your purse. Now, when money is needed, playactors are summoned to perform a drama. Bills are printed by a chapel printer, and the most wheedling chapel brothers hawk admission tickets from door to door.

The newest chapel sideline is the B.B.C. I am perhaps the only living Welshman who has not prayed to broadcast or to fill some post at Broadcasting House in Cardiff. I never felt myself capable of providing the pots of white paint the authorities seem

to imagine the Welsh require. We know that God never made any people as good as broadcast talks make us to be, but I do not think that we are as low mentally as programme directors imagine we are. I have heard politicians and preachers of many faiths, I have heard Sunday-school and public-house and Hyde Park debates, and I have heard quacks and auctioneers, but I have heard nothing so dreary as a B.B.C. Welsh programme ; it is a thing that shows the world our inferiority. The stuff is common and trifling and the speakers come through as lachrymose, unctuous humbugs. The Welsh people do not want Welsh broadcasts. Are we not all trying to run away from our language and forget it ? Broadcasting House needs men and women who have been trained in newspaper offices and in the show business.

Though the Nationalist Party is stricken, " Wales for the Welsh " remains our cry.

THE ROADS OF TOMORROW

By John Prioleau

IN attempting any sort of a forecast of what the roads of Great Britain will or should be like within any reasonable number of years, the prophet is faced with a number of peculiar difficulties. Ever since the question of the reorganization of the British highways has been seriously considered by the public as well as by the Government, comparisons have been constantly drawn between our admittedly ineffective system and the famous systems in Germany, Italy and, before the civil war, Spain. These special roads, if not yet perfect according to modern ideas and in respect of present traffic conditions, are so far ahead of anything we ourselves possess, and have, incidentally, been so well advertised that most people to whom the solution of this extremely pressing problem is a matter of real concern are apt to regard them as universally ideal and as perfect models for our own builders at home.

From a purely idealistic standpoint I suppose a system of English *autostrade* or *Reichsautobahnen* running north, south, east, and west, linking up seaports with industrial areas, London with the principal provincial cities and all of these with the various pleasure resorts on the coast, would satisfy most people. Such highways are an unquestioned success at present in their own countries, and while the British general public have no access to accident figures abroad and no standards by which to estimate any that may come under their notice, judging by conditions at home it is fair to conclude that such a system of roads here would mean a decrease in the number of fatal accidents.

In this connection one should not lose sight of the fact that in the view of a good many experienced people permitted and safeguarded high speeds do not necessarily mean greater safety, which is another way of saying that the personal factor is still

as strong as ever, whatever sort of roads you build. There are and will always be large numbers of people who have no business whatever to be in charge of cars that can be driven really fast. We have as yet no statistics to show what is really the mentality of every person found guilty of driving in a dangerous manner at the moment of the offence, but those of us who pass our lives in the company of experienced fellow motorists are well aware that in many cases of what appears to be downright wilful road-hoggery, the offender is, for all practical purposes, perfectly unconscious of his offence. Speed still goes to the heads of a certain type of driver, and unfortunately no sure way has yet been discovered of teaching people how to judge distances and pace. In many instances the cases of cutting-in which appear to the onlooker to be so utterly criminal are due to the lack of this essential sense. These people, and unfortunately they are fairly numerous, should keep off high speed arterial roads, but for the rest of the road-using public there is at first sight everything to be said for the building of such modern highways.

From a purely practical point of view, however, we lack the one essential that has made possible the construction of the new special roads of Germany and Italy—a Signor Mussolini or a Herr Hitler. These gentlemen are in the happy position of being able to order the perfect highway by the mile or by the " piece " of one hundred miles, and their soaring plans are not handicapped by such depressing considerations as cost, which includes the formidable item of compensation. Mr. Hore-Belisha has certainly scored heavily with his nationalization scheme and his Five-Year one hundred million pounds plan, but it is far beyond the realms of any possibility that he or any of his successors for a very long time will find themselves in a position in the very least resembling that of dictators.

In course of time we or our descendants may possess roads planned on the imperial scale set up across the Channel, but before then there will have to be such changes in the constitution and the life and outlook of the citizen as are at present beyond speculation.

The principal obstacle to the real arterial road system in England, that is to say to the building of entirely new special roads, is the size of the country, the density of the population and

the maze-like network of byways that are and will always be necessary so long as rural life continues. The real reason for the leading difficulties that face every Minister of Transport is that there is not enough room on the island for its inhabitants to enjoy constant, swift, and safe travel by road.

Even if the Ministry's powers were sufficiently wide to buy up the necessary land, even if the money was there to pay for it, and even if the appropriation of centuries-old properties, involving the destruction of countless ancient rights, did not lead to an English, but none the less effective, form of revolution, it is questionable whether a system of highways on the Roman plan would not leave the country at the end in a worse state than it is now.

What is quite certain is that unless the scheme provided, as does the existing German arrangement, for the preservation of scenery, the English countryside would cease to exist for the traveller by road. Ribbon building, whatever the limits set to it, however far back from the road houses had to be built, and whatever was done to localize and restrict, would inevitably follow, bringing streets into the fields, planting steel and concrete, glass and slates, where oak, ash, and thorn grow now. England is much too small.

It is not very certain that there is much reassurance to be found in Mr. Hore-Belisha's statement to the House of Commons last December that he would " endeavour to ensure that the road would enhance and not detract from the natural character of the countryside," even though the news came the next day that a committee of experts had been set up by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England to see that that promise is kept. One has no doubt that the Minister was speaking in all sincerity, and that if he had his way, without its necessarily being as wide a way as that of Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler, the highway of his dreams would be as far as possible a thing of beauty. Yet the mischief that can be done by residential estates, and the incredibly short time in which the harm is sometimes done are plain to anyone whose unfortunate lot it is to use any single one of the new or reconstructed arterial roads of London and most of those serving the larger provincial towns.

The English main road of the future, as one would hope to

see it, is that essentially English thing, a working compromise. Should the present plan of the Government be carried out, the principal arterial roads will have most of the essential advantages of the special continental roads, but will at the same time retain something of their own character. The fusing of all the road-building authorities under one ministerial body cannot but have the happiest results from the point of view of construction, and in that sense there may be some resemblance between our re-made roads and the best of the national roads of France, where a definite standard of road maintenance is enforced—or was when money was not so tight. Repairs and necessary reconstructions were carried out under local supervision, but the quality of the road had to be the same throughout its length, whether of fifty or five hundred miles.

Wherever it is possible the new British road must, as incidentally has been promised, have the uniform straightness of the foreign road; uniform width which, where necessary, must give a double track; its agreeable trees standing sentinel beside it, and down its centre (our grandsons may learn to look for a road by those long regiments of poplars, as on the continent), its safety-first devices; but I do not believe it will ever be a real *autostrada*, or that we can be sure one would ever be useful.

The growing congestion is, as has been said, the root of the trouble, and when one considers that last year it was officially estimated that five hundred new cars a day were loosed upon the roads, that output is increasing steadily month by month and at the same proportionate rate more and more people, as prosperity increases, are able to buy and drive cars, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the speed track road would fairly soon become as dangerous as its out-of-date predecessor. Much was made of a statement in the daily papers some weeks ago that owing to the law now compelling the fitting of safety-glass screens to every car, a quarter of a million cars with plain screens will be at once put on the scrap heap. I have no figures to prove this or to disprove the contrary, but as the cost of fitting non-splintering glass averages about between £3 and £5, it seems to be assuming a great deal that 250,000 owners are prepared to throw away otherwise reliable machines with possibly years more work before them, rather than make this

modest expenditure. One does not see at present any likelihood of a slow-down in the swelling numbers of cars of all ages on the roads.

The new British road, whether it takes on a true continental character or not, will have as a first essential a perfectly non-skid surface. Hitherto there have been very real difficulties to be faced by engineers attempting to solve this problem, difficulties caused by the qualities of soil such as that to be found in chalky districts and where there is much lime. We have now, it appears, discovered a really non-skid surface on which side- or wheel-slip will be impossible even with worn tyres. That essential may be taken as a certainty. There will be no level crossings, and it is very likely that what is known as the fly-over junction or possibly the American clover-leaf system will be widely adopted on the principal roads. The system of road signs will not only be uniform, but the number of them will be very much reduced. At present they are far too numerous, and so long as we permit advertisements which compete with danger signals in distracting the attention of the driver, it will remain practically hopeless to devise a simple and unmistakable code.

My own preference would be for the general adoption of the lighted beacon system. These beacons, which are as constantly visible as anything can be by day and night, would in nearly every case take the place of particular signs. Their message would be a simple warning, of railway character, that it is necessary to slow down and keep a sharp look-out for unforeseen or invisible dangers.

Direction posts would, of course, be completely reorganized and brought down to the level of a motor-car driver's eyes from the ridiculous height at which most of the country ones now stand. Good work has been done in this direction in various parts of the country, but so far there is nothing like uniformity. In addition to the low direction posts and the warning beacons, I would like to see special warnings inlaid in the surface of the road itself, and, where it would be helpful, the name of a town or towns ahead, as well as the classification number of the road. (By that time we may be able to buy at any post office a Government booklet to take the place of the map, a sort of table by which we shall be able to drive from Chester to Bury St. Edmunds

by numbers alone. It will indeed be a sorry business, for a road map is one of the most romantic things in the world, but it will be a natural development of an efficiently reorganized transport system.) On approaching cross roads, the driver would read the name of a town or village to the right and to the left, as well as the name of a town straight ahead.

The new roads will have a light coloured surface wherever that is possible. Experienced motorists will remember how very much better they could see to drive at night with the old acetylene lamps before tar was put down, and there should be no reason why the new roads should not have the same advantage. The system of indirect light would in the end be extended round urban districts throughout the whole length of the arterial ways, a scheme which might be said to be the only known cure for the dazzling headlight.

The new main roads will, as I see them, no longer directly connect the chief cities, but will pass them, access to the cities themselves being provided through the ring of by-passes surrounding them. In certain instances where by-passes are being constructed now to relieve the smaller towns of the heavier stream of traffic, the tradesmen complain that business is being taken from them. It is to be supposed that they know best, but in places like Maidenhead, Oxford, Leicester and half a dozen others, it does not seem likely that more than a very small proportion of those who go through them on their way elsewhere would normally bring them any measurable profit. This does not, of course, apply to the big cities, and it is reasonably certain that the main roads of the future will be, if they can be so called, country roads. They will pass through villages and some of the smaller country towns, but they will lose the right to call themselves the Norwich Road, the Oxford Road, the Bath Road, and so on.

If that happens, our newest roads will have retained their chief English characteristic, and whether they are made of concrete or some undreamed of material, floodlit from end to end, proof against all kinds of weather, modern to the last minute, they will in essence remain English country roads.

GERMAN INFLUENCE IN THE BALKANS

By Raymond Jackson

ON January 24th there was signed in Belgrade a Pact of Friendship and Non-Aggression between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. It marks, we are told, the end of post-war rivalries in the Balkans, but the published text tells us little or nothing that might shed light on these officially inspired assurances. It is indeed an unusually brief and meagre document, and it may perhaps be profitable to seek our own explanation of this sudden and happy termination of the bitter animosities between the two Slav states.

Ever since the second Balkan War relations between Servia and Bulgaria, and later between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, have been very strained. Even when the two states were not actually at war, more or less serious diplomatic and military "incidents" were constantly occurring, and the frontier districts were in a state of continuous semi-mobilization. The unending Macedonian disputes became proverbial for their complexity and their bloodthirstiness. Reconciliation of the natural demands of the two states seemed impossible. Ethnographical data were far too complicated, indecisive and controversial to form the basis for a just or acceptable frontier decision. Historical claims were absolutely incompatible. As long as the Serbs demanded the frontiers of the thirteenth century Empire of King Dushan, and the Bulgars demanded the frontiers of the Great Bulgaria of the twelfth century, then no solution was possible. Bulgaro-Yugoslav enmity was a constant menace to the peace of the whole Balkan peninsula.

And yet these two states have now signed a Treaty of Friendship. It is even suggested that Bulgaria may join the Balkan Entente, an alliance which she has hitherto regarded with undisguised hostility, and which was founded with the express intention of countering her claims for treaty revision.

When originally founded, the Balkan Entente was merely an extension of the method and spirit of the Little Entente. Yugoslavia and Rumania were members of both *blocs*. The main task of the Little Entente was to combat Hungarian revisionism; and the main task of the Balkan Entente was to combat Bulgarian revisionism. Both alliances had been built up under French inspiration, and both were directed against Italy as the main spokesman of both Hungarian and Bulgarian claims. Though the Francophil tendency was more marked in the Little Entente, the Italophobe tendency was stronger in the Balkan Entente—and with justification.

All the four members—Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey—felt endangered by Italy, either directly or else through the Italian influence in Bulgaria. This menace was felt most strongly by Yugoslavia. Not only was she threatened from the North by Mussolini's support for Hungarian territorial claims, but to the South Italy had gained virtual control over Albania, and thus could blockade Yugoslavia's Adriatic ports at a moment's notice, and could use Albania as a stepping-off ground for an invasion of Serbian Macedonia.

Turkey also was frightened. She had never reconciled herself to the Italian occupation of the Dodecanese Islands, and remembered Mussolini's open threats to invade and dismember Anatolia.

Rumania regarded Italy with hostility, as the real driving force behind the Hungarian irredentist claims to Transylvania, and the Bulgarian irredentist claims to the Dobrudza.

Similarly Greece suspected Italy's support of Bulgaria's claim to an outlet on the Aegean. Thus these four Powers were united principally by their fear of Italy.

The launching of the Abyssinian campaign increased this fear, and gave striking evidence of its strength. Rumania and Yugoslavia both applied sanctions with exemplary speed, despite the fact that no states had more to lose commercially by such action. Greece asked for and obtained support from British naval units which used her ports, and Turkey prepared to demand the right to remilitarize the Dardanelles. The promptness with which Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey all agreed to exchange assurances with Great Britain regarding the position in the Eastern

Mediterranean showed the same fear of Italian designs. Thus, even as late as the beginning of 1936, the hostility of the Balkan Entente towards Italy was, if anything, even stronger than before.

But the very remarkable changes that have taken place since then, and that have made possible the Yugoslav-Bulgarian Pact, cannot be explained solely in terms of Italo-Balkan relations.

French influence played a big part in the founding of the Balkan Entente ; in the case of Yugoslavia and Rumania it was probably decisive. In so far as it was founded to guarantee the maintenance of the territorial provisions of the Treaty of Neuilly it fell naturally under the ægis of France, the main defender of the Versailles settlement. It is certainly true that if the Abyssinian war had occurred three years ago, then the Balkan states in their fear of Italy would automatically have turned to France for support. But in the years since 1934 French influence has declined so rapidly in South-Eastern Europe that, when the campaign actually started in 1935, a very different process set in.

Already in 1934 it was clear that French prestige in Yugoslavia was on the decline. The Yugoslavs could not forget that their King was murdered on French soil, and, as they believed, as a result of the incompetence of the French police. The sharp reaction against France that followed this outrage was greatly increased by the signing of the Franco-Soviet Pact. White Russian elements—principally refugees from General Wrangel's army—are still very numerous in Belgrade, and still have considerable influence in government circles. Despite the cordial relations between Russia and Yugoslavia's Little Entente allies, Belgrade has so far refused even to recognize the Soviet.

And when the new-found friendship of France for the Bolsheviks was followed by the Franco-Italian *rapprochement* negotiated by M. Laval in January 1935, then Yugoslavia's anxiety hardened into definite distrust. It was felt that by this act France had abandoned all interest in the security of her old ally, and that the strongest barrier against Italian aggression had been destroyed.

The Germans were quick, as in Poland, to take advantage of the decline in French influence—and with remarkable success. After a period of uncertainty, when Yugoslav governing opinion seemed to vacillate between a British and a German orientation, it

became clear by the summer of 1936 that the definitely pro-German (though not anti-British) school of thought had won the day.

The reasons for this have been several. In the first place, German economic pressure on Yugoslavia has been very great, and is steadily increasing. Dr. Schacht's peculiar technique of economic bargaining is now well-known. As was made clear in a recent article in the FORTNIGHTLY*, he has shown how all the advantages lie today with the consistent and unrepentant debtor. In Belgrade he has been in an especially strong position, for at the end of 1935 it was computed that Germany owed Yugoslavia about 420 million dinars (£2,000,000) on trade debts alone. Holding this trump card, Dr. Schacht has been able to bid high, for in order to melt this huge body of frozen debt the Yugoslav government has been forced to place very large orders for German goods. So open has been the commercial discrimination in favour of Germany that, shortly after this visit, 300 English firms operating in Yugoslavia submitted a protest to the Belgrade government. There can be no question that by this persistent pressure Germany has established for herself a privileged position in Yugoslavia's commercial relations. In comparison with her dominating position, the participation of France is practically negligible—her share in Yugoslavia's export trade for 1936 being only 1.26 per cent. as against the German 19.86 per cent. But such aggregate figures do not reflect the real measure of German influence, for in the case of certain products Germany has a virtual monopoly control—and these products are armament products.

It is, in general, almost inevitable that such economic domination should lead to a growth of political influence. At all events, in the case of Germany an elaborate apparatus of propaganda ensures that this shall be so.

But it is not upon this economic pressure alone that Germany relies. Much money has been spent on the building-up of " cultural-contacts " between the two countries. Lecture tours on the " New Germany," special facilities for Yugoslav students at Munich University, and subsidized trips by the Hitler Youth

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* " The Trail of Dr. Schacht," by George Glasgow, The FORTNIGHTLY, October, 1936.

to the health resorts of the Dalmatian coast have all played their part. Nazi films hold a practical monopoly in the cinemas of Yugoslavia, and in the northern provinces, where German is still understood by a high percentage of the population, they have had a considerable effect. An even more powerful propaganda force is the control of Yugoslav news-agencies, for the official agency has practically become a Belgrade branch of the Berlin Deutsche Nachrichtenbüro. It is perhaps symptomatic that the majority of Yugoslavs believe that Germany gained an easy victory over all other countries at last year's Olympic Games. The achievements of the American Negro runners are practically unknown.

The object of all this propaganda—ably co-ordinated by Dr. Neuhauser of the Deutsche Verkehrsbüro—has been the glorification of National-Socialist Germany. Complementing this is a systematic propaganda depreciating the achievements of democratic France. A basis for this already existed in the anti-democratic principles of all government opinion in Belgrade; and this basis has been considerably broadened as a result of the victory of the People's Front in France.

The leader of this anti-French and pro-German movement in the Belgrade government is Dr. Anton Koroshetz, the leader of the Slovenian Clerical Party, and Minister of the Interior. During the last two years, Dr. Koroshetz, under the influence of his personal friends and co-religionists, Herr von Papen and Cardinal Innitzer of Vienna, has become a strong supporter of totalitarian Germany, and an even more determined opponent of Soviet Russia and of the "semi-Bolshevik" government of M. Blum. These convictions Dr. Koroshetz expresses with equal force in his pastoral letters to his flock, in editorials in his influential paper *Slovenec*, and in his ministerial instructions to the Press Censor and the Political Police.

Exactly how far Dr. Koroshetz' pro-German standpoint is decisive for the direction of Yugoslav foreign policy, it is as yet hard to say; but it certainly has strong, if not majority, support in the Cabinet. In the Army it is represented by General Zivkovitch, who was King Alexander's right-hand man during his personal dictatorship. It is also rumoured that Prince Paul's two co-regents are favourable to this tendency. At all events the trend towards a pro-German direction of Yugoslav policy has

been very obvious during the last twelve months, and shows no signs of being abandoned.

Only when it is seen in the light of this reorientation of Yugoslav policy does the new Pact with Bulgaria become intelligible ; for a parallel process has also been operating in Bulgaria ever since 1933.

The forces drawing Bulgaria into the German orbit have been very similar to those at work at Belgrade, and their effect has been even stronger. German domination over the foreign trade of Bulgaria has reached almost incredible proportions. There is probably no other case in the world—not even in South America —where one country has gained such an extensive monopoly over the commerce of another. By 1935 Germany accounted for 48 per cent. of all Bulgarian exports and no less than 53.5 per cent. of her imports. In the first months of 1936 the figure for exports rose to 64 per cent. Influential publicists even in Bulgaria itself have pointed out the serious political consequences of such a position. They rightly emphasize that it is now possible for Germany, with insignificant loss to herself, to dislocate at a stroke the whole foreign trade of the country. That this gives Germany an overwhelmingly strong weapon for political bargaining is obvious.

The natural political ties linking Bulgaria to Nazi Germany are also very strong. Both regard themselves as victims of an unjust post-war settlement, both territorially and as regards restrictions on national sovereignty. Moreover, Bulgaria was the first state to imitate Nazi totalitarianism. In theory, at least, the *coup d'état* of May, 1934, abolished all political parties and established 100 per cent. totalitarianism. Bulgarian governments are more likely than most to fall in with the anti-Communist campaign of the Nazis, for despite continual and severe repression since the counter-revolution of 1923, Communism has remained stronger in Bulgaria than in any other of the authoritarian countries, and the government is not likely to forget that the Comintern itself is now led by the Bulgarian Dimitrov, of Reichstag Fire fame.

One section of Bulgarian government opinion, led by the ex-Prime Minister Alexander Tsankov, has now come out in favour of complete acceptance of the entire Nazi " ideology," including

anti-Semitism, racialism, etc. They demand even closer relations with the " New Germany." The importance of the Tsankovists for the significance of the Yugoslav-Bulgarian Pact is paramount. Ever since it has been clear that Yugoslavia was moving away from French influence into the German orbit, the Tsankovists have been demanding a *rapprochement* between the two states. It is amusing to see how in their propaganda they carefully bury the antagonisms of the past thirty years and endeavour to show that the two Slav nations of the Balkans have in the past always lived in the closest friendship. Their common Slav origin, their common struggle against the Turks, and later against the Phanariote Greeks, the similarity of language, even the similarity of Church Liturgy, are all emphasized. The difficulties of the twentieth century are explained away as being due to the unjustified intrusion of other powers —especially Russia (a happy coincidence)—in the domestic affairs of the Balkans.

This parallel movement of both Yugoslavia and Bulgaria towards the German camp can alone explain the smoothness with which the negotiations for the final signing of the Pact have proceeded. As long as the old Italian support for Bulgarian revisionism remained decisive for the direction of foreign policy in Sofia, there could be little hope of any reconciliation with the Balkan Entente. On the other hand, so long as the Balkan Entente remained under French hegemony and retained its sole original function as an anti-revisionist *bloc*, no movement of *rapprochement* with Bulgaria was likely from this side.

But as a result of the growth of German influence on both sides, the sharpness of this antagonism has been greatly reduced—and not only in relation to Yugoslavia. The fall of M. Titulesco in Rumania has everywhere been accepted as indicating a more pro-German and a less pro-French policy in Bucharest. And in Greece the *coup d'état* of General Metaxas—who served on the German General Staff during the War—and the visits to Athens of Dr. Schacht and Dr. Goebbels, has had a similar effect. Thus Yugoslavia has been able to pursue her policy of reconciliation with Bulgaria in the knowledge that the disapproval of her two Balkan partners—Rumania and Greece—would not now be anything like as strong as would have been the case two or three years ago. In fact it is possible to regard the new Pact as the

first stage in a far-reaching process by which Germany hopes to establish a unified Balkan *bloc*, seeking its political inspiration in Berlin. Yugoslavia and Bulgaria would form the nucleus of such a *bloc*, to which Rumania and Greece would adhere. The support of Turkey and Albania would be more doubtful, and would depend principally on extra-Balkan considerations.

An important proviso to the success of German diplomacy in the Balkans depends on the attitude of Italy. It is clear that Yugoslavia's readiness for a reconciliation with Bulgaria must have been conditioned by the belief that Italian influence at Sofia was now unimportant, or at least by the hope that Abyssinian preoccupations would keep Mussolini's attention away from the Balkans for some time to come. Moreover, it can be assumed that Yugoslavia has received assurances from Germany that within the framework of the recent German-Italian alliance it is Germany's voice that will be decisive, and that Italy can be expected to play a subordinate, and thus a less dangerous, role. And it is certainly here that the main difficulty for the future lies. If this relation of forces should change and Italy's Balkan policy should become more " positive," then Yugoslavia will certainly regret her latest move, and feel that her German counsellors have betrayed her. At the moment, it must be admitted, no such change seems likely. For the present there can be no doubt that the new Pact must be accepted as yet another success for the resourcefulness and audacity of German diplomacy ; and judgment as to its ultimate effects must be suspended.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

ON the same day, February 6th, there were published two notable utterances concerning the enlargement of national power. One was the speech of Dr. Goebbels at Hamburg, in which he said that Europe was now safe from the danger of war because under Nazi rule Germany had "torn up Versailles. Conflict will not arise because no one dares to attack us. Later, we shall be even stronger than we are today." The other was President Roosevelt's message to Congress which announced his purpose of freeing government action from delay by appealing to Courts already overcharged with business. These announcements have a very different significance for mankind. One is a message of hope: the other of alarm—if not of despair.

The Supreme Court

The obstacles which President Roosevelt has to fear are obstacles of law, laid down in defence of freedom. The Supreme Court has powers designed to protect the rights of the States against the Union—which has come to be the nation. Since the constitution was framed, the ideal of the nation has grown powerful, and the President represents the nation. In a national emergency, he strained the rights of his office; according to the Courts, he strained them illegally. The nation at his second presidential candidature gave an overwhelming vote of support to the man who was fighting "predatory wealth." His answer to that verdict was to salute the return of prosperity, which opens a new era of money making. This prosperity, however, would not spread itself fairly; unless government intervened, the conditions of life for masses of workers would remain ignominious. The national government must have power to force the econom-

ically strong into conceding more than a bare margin of subsistence to the economically weak.

That is the drift of the President's message. When the American constitution was framed, when American institutions took shape, no one doubted but that a man who became a millionaire was a benefactor to the nation. A free country was a country where everyone was free to become a millionaire, and any obstacles in the way of this achievement were regarded as obstacles to freedom. Today the nation for which President Roosevelt stands is more concerned to ensure that American citizens in pursuit of wealth shall not inflict servile conditions on other citizens. Steps which he has taken to that end on behalf of the nation are challenged before the Courts by men with long purses on the ground that they interfere with State rights of regulating such matters as hours of labour. Appeals from Court to Court create in any case long delay. President Roosevelt does not speak of " tearing up " anything. But, faced with an overworked Supreme Court of nine, whose average ages are over seventy, he proposes to add to its number, distributing the work, and presumably rejuvenating its outlook. By such measures the American people can modify for themselves the home-made constitution which they have in some ways outgrown.

Versailles Repudiated

Germany has been hampered not by its own growth, but by terms dictated by outside authority, and naturally enough it is a proud thought for Germans that these have been " torn up." Yet any conditions imposed by the Treaty of Versailles which did something to redress the damage caused to other peoples by German activities in the war were mitigated one after another by the victors while Germany was still disarmed. What she did tear up was the system of clauses barring her from becoming too strong to be attacked. This tearing up was allowed to continue simply because other European powers, France no less than England, had a genuine detestation of war. Germany could have been forced at moderate risk to submit to the terms of the Treaty which she was violating. Today war with Germany would mean, as in 1914, war to the death. Yet, is the peace of Europe more secure today than when Germany was disarmed? One

may freely agree with Dr. Goebbels that Czechoslovakia is unlikely to attack Germany. But is it sure that Germany will not attack Czechoslovakia? German power is kept almost on the footing of mobilization; every utterance of Herr Hitler's has reinforced the certainty that the urgency of preparation, the race for military ascendancy, will not slacken; and while that lasts, there can be no assurance from month to month. Money has come to mean no more than in war time. "Spend that you may not be crushed," is the gospel. Some day something will crack, but meanwhile the race goes on.

It is easy to distinguish between the aggressive governments and those which desire peace. Turkey regulates its contentions with other powers in a strife-avoiding spirit. Italy has certainly taken grave risks in Spain, and has joined in Germany's denunciations of Russia; but Mussolini does not beat the big drum with enervating persistency. He at least gives the impression of a man guiding forces that he can control. In Germany all is whipped up to the edge of hysteria. What is it but hysteria when Dr. Goebbels tells the world that "Czechoslovakia's military alliance with Moscow is a great danger for Western Europe"?

Ideologies in Alignment

No one who knows anything about the country of Masaryk and Benesh can believe that the alliance in question is the result of anything but fear of Germany. All that passed at Moscow in these last weeks must increase the repugnance felt in any civilized democratic community for any alliance with Moscow. But if the "trials," the confessions and the sentences of Lenin's old associates point to anything, it is that propagandist Bolshevism is on the wane. Russia means to be strong, Stalin means to be paramount, as Germany meant, as Herr Hitler meant; and the methods of consolidating power are essentially the same as those employed by Herr Hitler in June, 1934. Germany's dictator has no title to pose as the champion of European civilization. Doubtless Germany is more civilized today than Russia. But the Nazis have working for them all the virtues of the old Germany, where a man had at least some right to call his soul his own; the Soviets have to contend with all the old Russia's vices, all the corruption and inefficiency.

Compare the Germany of today with the Germany of 1914, the Russia of today with the Russia of 1914, and in which country has there been more gain or more loss? If the question were left to a Japanese, for the sake of detachment, the answer would certainly be given from a soldier's standpoint; and I do not feel sure that Russia is not more formidable, because more efficient, in a military sense, than before the war. Yet one can hardly call the modern Russia militarist by choice. Japan and Germany have come openly to an understanding that was always tacit; for Japan's interest in seeing Russia threatened from the West is obvious, as is Germany's in seeing the counterthrust from the East. Between the two exclusively military powers alike distinguished for military zeal and efficiency, Russia has no choice but to arm. And, to judge by reports from the Spanish trial ground she has armed to some purpose.

Trial of Arms

It begins to be clear now that from the first there was Russian interference in Spain, but solely of a propagandist nature, possibly backed by some money. When rumours of a revolutionary plot, confirmed in the killing of the Opposition leader by Government police, led to the army's revolt, most of the existing air force took the Government side. Germany and Italy then stepped in, supplying the insurgents with fighting machines, which were greatly superior to those on the Government side. Then Russia also supplied aircraft; and it seems to be agreed that their fighters have been better and faster than those sent by Germany or by Italy. On the other hand, the German tanks are said to have completely outclassed the Russian.

It is probably a fair conclusion that the German air-arm has not so large a superiority over the English (or possibly over the French) as its numerical strength indicates. But, in France there is a grave fear of Germany's armoured ground forces—formidable by the protection which they enjoy as well as by the weapons they will dispose of. The weapons are said to include a very effective anti-tank gun. No doubt all the General Staffs in Europe (and out of Europe) are carefully watching the field of experiment, which Spain has become, to see what conclusions are to be drawn from the try-out of war material provided by

various nations so that Spanish combatants may destroy each other more efficiently.

For Germany the problem is strictly military. In her semi-mobilized state she has vast numbers of soldiers, but not as yet corresponding strength in men to train and to lead. How many Germans are in Spain cannot be known, but so far as is known, they are employed for training and organization of Franco's forces. It is certainly not all gain for Germany to have some thousands of such men out of Germany in a critical time. For these reasons, both Germany and Italy may well be seriously considering a recall of their contingents and a shutting down of supply in material. But both are determined that there shall not be what they will consider a Russian victory in Spain. And both have made it a condition that other powers shall also stop the inflow of foreign aid. In effect, both insist that not only Russian aeroplanes shall be kept out; they want to exclude Russian propaganda. That is impossible. Yet it is only a fraction of what Herr Hitler is asking. He wants to shut Russia out of Europe; and one must admit that his desire appears to be shared by some highly respectable people, who are neither German nor Fascist, but who believe in a quarantine against ideas.

Idea-Proof Frontiers

For instance, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of January 15th there was a long interview with M. Motta, the Swiss statesman who has from the first been a leading personage at Geneva: a typical advocate of the League of Nations. Yet when it was proposed to bring Russia into the League, M. Motta threw his country's vote and voice strongly against it; and apparently he is still of the same mind. The infection is too dangerous for him to risk it. Yet all over Europe, wherever there is a centre of civilization, Russian literature and Russian art penetrate the whole of European culture.

How can you shut out Russia? Herr Hitler indeed believes that frontiers can be made idea-proof and we have had a curious illustration of his faith. The Nobel prize was awarded to a German, von Ossietsky—at that time under moral restraint in a German concentration camp. This recalcitrant actually refused

the award, and as a consequence an edict has been issued that in future no German is to accept any of the Nobel prizes. German prizes for good German ideas, of clear racial pedigree, are to be instituted. That is how Russia is to be kept out.

A French pamphlet which reaches me gives the true name to this way of thinking and of acting—this "ideology," as the cant phrase goes. It is the philosophy of Babel.

"Anti-Babel"

The pamphlet called "Anti-Babel" comes from Pontigny, the famous Cistercian Abbey on the border between Burgundy and Champagne, where M. Paul Desjardins presides every spring and summer at a market for the exchange of ideas. This old Frenchman, friend of Ruskin, of Brandès, of Tolstoy, no less than of Anatole France and of André Gide, for the past fifty years has known everybody of intellectual note in Europe; and he holds by the central idea of the French Revolution. There are Nations, which have each their national character; but first, there is Man: and Man is One. Man, not very long lived, but very strong of body, is formidable by his power of co-operation; so formidable that, according to the Hebrew myth, he was about to scale the sky when Jahve, to bar this arrogance, imposed the confusion of tongues. Nevertheless, *invito Jahve*, men contrived to pool their ideas and energies for the advancement and benefit of Man. But then come along the Duce and the Führer to say No: every idea must be inspected at the frontier. At the German customs all ideas that come from Jahve's chosen people are to be confiscated, put under lock and key. They would be burnt, if only ideas that so easily make a fire could themselves be incinerated.

Well, Pontigny speaking the mind of France sets up its anti-Babel and invites students of all nations to free discussions of all the fundamental problems with which Man is concerned—demonstrating meanwhile incidentally how France solves with simple elegance the problems that have to do with food, drink, and lodging. Undoubtedly at Pontigny one may meet a Jew or a Russian; one will certainly find men conversant with Jewish and with Russian thought. This would not do for Herr Hitler. And ideas may be expressed there which in Italy would be followed by administration of castor oil. Those who go there may not be

preparing themselves for the work of war ; but they may, however, get good help towards the task of avoiding it.

One has to admit in the last resort, that the whole discipline and ordering of life at Pontigny, or at Oxford—in France or in England—is less conducive to military efficiency than that of Germany. But men will die for Pontigny, or for Oxford, as gallantly as for any barrack, though they may be less efficient at killing. The general business of Man as Man is to reduce the degree of importance which must be attached to efficiency in killing ; and I cannot think that this business is forwarded by letting Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini impose as a condition of peace that Europe shall exclude Russia from its council.

The New Honours List

The New Year Honours List had one announcement which gave widespread pleasure : Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, was added to that very select company, the Order of Merit. Like everybody else who is not a specialist, I read his *Universal History* with delight; every specialist, of course, thinks that his own special period should have had more attention. But this historian has been much more than a writer : he was that rare thing, a successful Minister for Education. My own gratitude to him has not to do with a success, but he was one of the few who really tried to extricate Irish affairs from the bedevilment into which they fell at the end of the War. He was never given the chance to display more than sincere and intelligent good will ; and perhaps one should be glad, for his sake, that he was not made Chief Secretary. Another man who did fill that office figures elsewhere in the same list : Lord Greenwood becomes a viscount. Certainly few other men could or would have done all that he did in the House of Commons during the Black and Tan period. An Irish name that was much looked for—not only by Irishmen—did not appear ; there was hope of some amends to Sir Hubert Gough. He not only received much less reward than went to other soldiers of comparable merit, but incurred most undeserved unpopularity. I know that the 16th Irish Division held him responsible for prolonging the attack on Passchendaele ; and probably the Ulster Division, their neighbours in the line, felt the same. Shortly after the war I said to a former brother officer

that General Gough had had less than fair play. " After Passchendaele, we do not care if he was crucified," was the answer. All soldiers know better now, and would be glad to see compensation for the hard thoughts that they, in their ignorance of the facts, formed of him. If reward is to be given separately and specially, so much the better ; if not, soldiers will feel that those in authority have failed to remedy injustice inflicted on a very gallant and distinguished soldier.

Curraghs and Crayfish

A most curious and interesting book about *The Islands of Ireland* has been published by Mr. T. M. Mason who is, by his main business, a Dublin optician—as four generations of his family were before him, going back to the times when Dublin had high repute for skilled craftsmanship. His predecessor must have worked time and again for Oscar Wilde's father, the famous oculist. But like Sir William Wilde, who was not less an authority on Irish antiquities than on the eye, Mr. Mason has almost a second profession in the art of photography, and he uses it to record ways of life that go back to times before Dublin was a city. He is not content with the camera : wherever he goes in those places which cannot be visited without difficulty, and sometimes not without danger, he inquires about customs and sets down his shrewd observations in the simplest language. I have seldom met so many good stories told with so little fuss ; and the illustrations really illustrate ; for instance, one of the little old churches on Aran is shown beside another also built of unmortared stones at Dalkey, not ten miles from Dublin. Yet what interested me specially was the study of a past which is still present, primitive invention still holding its own ; not only that, but still developing. The quern for grinding corn by hand was still in use on some islands within this century ; but imported flour is now everywhere. On the other hand, rowboats of timber, made to the most modern design and supplied to the islanders, are being discarded for the old canvas-covered canoes. Mr. Mason's book will be a *locus classicus* on the " curragh."

The most rudimentary type of all, roughly circular and worked with one paddle, is still used by net men on the Boyne ; it represents the primitive notion of a cowhide stretched over wicker

rods fastened to a large hoop ; and no doubt it was invented for inland work. But doubtless men who had learned to use the round curragh skilfully on a river ventured out beyond the entrances, and found that the thing could be done. It is still being done every day at Tory, off the Donegal coast, where men face the full Atlantic swell in a keel-less canoe which has no seat, and is worked kneeling with a paddle from the blunt prow.

Side by side with this exists in Tory the more developed type with pointed bow, and two or more seats from which it is rowed by long narrow-bladed oars fixed on thole pins. It was a skilled job to make the wooden frames and keel for these : any fisherman could fit in the rods or laths and stretch the canvas over them. Probably the more primitive type can be made without skilled assistance. But, according to Mr. Mason, a new development has been added. When the curragh is beached, any shell or pebble sticking out of the sand may tear the canvas. Within the last fifteen years, some one has thought of nailing wooden runners parallel to the keel to keep the canvas from contact.

Along the west, in Aran and the Blaskets, canoes are as long as twenty-eight feet : a Donegal curragh can be carried by one man on his shoulder. In a heavy sea such craft are wonderful. The curragh is on the water rather than in it, and can be turned head-on to meet a wave with a quickness impossible in an ordinary rowboat. But the movements have to be as accurate and instinctive in their balance as a bird's on the wing. Marvellous boatmen they are ; Mr. Mason tells of a mule ferried from Tory to the mainland—seven miles of deep Atlantic—in one of the keel-less curraghs.

Boatmen, but not navigators : he says that the Aran fishers think fog their worst enemy ; yet the idea of carrying a compass would never occur to them. Unfortunately the West of Ireland has never risen beyond longshore fishing. A determined effort to make them seagoing in strong sailing boats succeeded just at the close of last century, and then it was swept into limbo by the advent of steam. Fishing was the last industry that steam revolutionized ; but today big steam drifters meet the herring and mackerel far out at sea and break up the shoals that used to come into the creeks and bays ; big steam trawlers scrape every-

thing they can outside the three mile limit, and, as Mr. Mason laments, very often inside it.

Even the special longshoreman's province of lobster catching along the rocky shores has been invaded ; it is an odd history. Crayfish, which most of us know better by the French name of *langoustes*, were caught sometimes off the Irish coast, and were regarded as little better than vermin. A Breton owner of fishing boats from Camaret, near Brest, heard of this and offered people in the west of Ireland the special traps used for *langoustes*, which cannot get into the ordinary lobster pots. He would take all the *langoustes* and, of course, also all the lobsters he could get, and he established floating depots. Now his boats go along that coast, not only to collect but to fish—setting their own traps—and it is said not always leaving other lobster pots unvisited. On the other hand, equipped as they are, they fish many places on that savage coast which the local men with their curraghs could only reach in the finest weather. These things cannot be helped. The local men who could not replace timber-built boats, when they had them are driven back more and more by the advance of mechanical progress to the cheapest and most primitive craft, which is also in many ways the handiest for those who can use it ; while all the extensive fishing is done more and more by machinery—even with aeroplanes assisting to locate the shoals.

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A BAD YEAR FOR THE LEAGUE

By Sir Alfred Zimmern

THE SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS: 1935, 2 vols., by Arnold J. Toynbee, assisted by V. M. Boulter. *Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs:* vol. i 18*s.*, vol. ii 21*s.*

The Annual Chatham House Survey, of which this is the thirteenth annual instalment, has by now become a recognized institution, comparable to the *Annual Register*. In the hands of anyone but Professor Toynbee it might easily have degenerated into a lifeless chronicle, pieced together from press-cuttings and official documents. It is a great tribute to the Director of Studies in the Royal Institute of International Affairs that no one can possibly think of him and the staff working under him as hacks or drudges, carrying through an appointed task with mechanical efficiency. So immune are they from the spirit of routine that this year they have almost doubled their own labours. Two substantial volumes, amounting to over a thousand pages, take the place of the usual single volume. Indeed, such criticism as Professor Toynbee is exposed to—and it has not been entirely lacking—is that he has not de-humanized himself enough, that he has thrown too much of himself into his writing, that, in the jargon of the day, he has been too "subjective."

This, of course, is nonsense, as applied to an historian: it is just a misleading analogy from the domain of natural science. If Einstein or Rutherford or Eddington put their personality into their scientific researches their work might suffer. But in the human studies, of which history is one of the chief, a man cannot help putting himself into his work, unless he wants to be a mere helot, collecting materials for someone else who, in his turn, will put himself into his work. In this sense all history is "subjective" if one must use that word. The whole question is as to what kind of a personality it is that one encounters in the historian's pages. Is he a man who has learnt to "see life steadily and see it whole," including among life's values an unflinching allegiance to truth and to intellectual integrity? In that case, whether one agrees with his opinions or not, one will be the wiser and the better for his book. It will not be the last book on the subject: for the last book on any human subject will not be written till the last trump. But it will be a real book.

Professor Toynbee's second volume, entitled *Italy and Abyssinia*, is emphatically a real book. It can (and should) be read from cover to cover, even though, in the reading of it, one passes a little abruptly from the style of the main author to that of his collaborators: no very profound training in literary criticism is required to detect the transitions. Professor Toynbee has come to certain definite conclusions, which he states in his preface, and these are not favourable

to the British Government or to the British people. He believes that the honour and vital interests of this country required that she should " carry out her obligations under the Covenant completely, whatever the consequences " and that, in the failure to do this, there was a lack both of courage and of sincerity. In his narrative, which is straightforward and full — if anything too full — the reasons for this conclusion became apparent.

His criticism is concentrated on two main points. The first is as to the interpretation of Article XVI of the Covenant. When the Covenant was drafted it was understood to embody the principle of Mutual Insurance. Every member of the League was bound to use his best efforts to protect every other member. This was, for President Wilson, the " heart of the Covenant." This was its great attraction for the smaller states. The safety of one was the safety of all; danger to one was danger to all; membership of the League was membership of an organic society. In legal language, the obligation to afford protection was both " joint " and " several." No one could justifiably contract out of it; but if any one did, this would not affect the obligations of the other members. Any other interpretation would make the strength of the League depend upon its weakest link and would moreover give a disloyal member a power of veto over the whole action of the League.

When Sir Samuel Hoare, in words that rang round the world from Geneva, declared that " the League stands, and my country stands with it,"—the use of " with " instead of " in," sounded a little strange at the time—" for the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety and particularly for steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression," what exactly did he mean by " collective ? " " Each word in that sentence," he said later, " must have its full value." The " full value," as became clear later on, was that the collective obligation was not " joint and several," but merely " joint." This, argues Professor Toynbee, was not only a distortion of the Covenant and therefore lacking in sincerity: it was also an abdication of British leadership, and therefore lacking in courage. It was, in fact, to go back behind Salisbury, Palmerston and Canning. Perhaps such discretion was, under the circumstances —circumstances for which the Foreign Secretary was not responsible — the better part of valour. But why clothe it in the language of the Covenant?

Professor Toynbee's second main criticism relates to the conversation between M. Laval and Sir Samuel Hoare at Geneva on the day before his speech in the Assembly. M. Laval told the French Chamber in December that on that occasion the two statesmen found themselves " instantaneously in agreement upon ruling out military sanctions " and " everything that might lead to war." Professor Toynbee contends that this private agreement between the two principal members of the League was, in effect, an act of *sabotage*. It turned the Foreign Secretary's speech of next day into what on " the most charitable account " can be described as bluff and it gave a control over the whole subsequent proceedings to Signor Mussolini, who was no doubt informed by M. Laval of what had taken place. It is true that a parliamentary answer in the following March by implication denied that Sir Samuel Hoare bound himself so completely as M. Laval asserted in December. But Professor Toynbee argues that Sir Samuel Hoare acted, and that M. Laval and Signor Mussolini concluded that he would act, exactly as if he had given such a pledge.

Nothing is more disagreeable, for a nation as for an individual, than to read a plain account of an unfortunate transaction affecting oneself. But it is sometimes a duty to do so.

THE LAST "PLAIN TALE"

By Henry W. Nevinson

"SOMETHING OF MYSELF," by Rudyard Kipling. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Roman Emperor was called happy in the opportunity of his death, but Rudyard Kipling was happy in the opportunity of his birth. He was born at exactly the right time and place for him, and from exactly the right parents. As an official in India, his father possessed intimate knowledge of the animals, peoples and literatures of India. He was also an excellent critic, a fine draughtsman, and a worker in low-relief. His mother was a sister of Burne-Jones, "wholly Celtic, and three parts fire." As a child in Bombay he learnt Indian habits and the "vernacular," which was more intelligible to him than English, and when, still a child, he was sent to England, he spent six miserable years in a "House of Desolation" (we remember *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*), but even there he learnt a good deal about shipping in Southsea and Portsmouth, and every day he learnt the Collects and bits of the Bible by heart. We feel the influence of those lessons in almost every page he wrote.

His school days at Westward Ho! were the foundation of his *Stalky & Co.* in later life, not an edifying picture of English schools or English boys. At seventeen he returned to Lahore, and there, on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, he found the real guide and stimulus to his genius. He himself traces his inspiration to Walter Besant, but Besant could never have given him what he learnt from the seven years of hard labour on the newspaper, daily brought out in the heat and turmoil of complex and dangerous city. Much later in this book he speaks of the service gained from this stern period of journalism :—

> I have told what my early surroundings were, and how richly they furnished me with material. Also, how rigorously newspaper spaces limited my canvases and, for the reader's sake, prescribed that within these limits must be some sort of beginning, middle, and end. My ordinary reporting, leader- and note-writing carried the same lesson, which took me an impatient while to learn.

Kipling was in fact a supreme journalist, with imagination added. He saw in every scene the essential, and, beneath the essential of accurate fact, he perceived the something more that only the poetic and imaginative mind can see. With those powers of sight and sympathy when he was twenty he produced the *Plain Tales from the Hills* in the Weekly of the *Pioneer*, then the leading paper of English-speaking India. In the next year came *Departmental Ditties*, soon to be followed by *The Story of the Gadsbys* and *Soldiers Three.*

In 1889 he returned to England, and found himself famous. It was the freshness of his subject and the directness of his journalistic style that gave him his amazing success when he was only twenty-four. Stevenson and Henley were writing, and *Called Back* with them seemed to have slammed the door upon the disquisitions of *Robert Elsmere* and the later works of George Eliot. But Kipling brought with him new scenes, a new sense of active reality, and a new kind of behaviour and habit, foreign to most of us. We greeted his books with a kind of rapture, as a revelation for which we were waiting.

He was welcomed among the best literary circles, whom he often made to look rather starchy and old-fashioned. His sales were so good that he soon found himself rich enough to marry and set off upon his travels, first to the States where for three or four years he dwelt in a timber cabin constructed by himself, and then in a house built for him by neighbours on the edge of Canada. As a resident he became closely acquainted with all that north-eastern district, with the Boston quays and the fishing coast (*Captains Courageous*), and this book tells us of his further travels—to South Africa, New Zealand and Australia, of which he says, rather unkindly "a hard land it seemed to me, and made harder for themselves by the action of its inhabitants, who—it may have been the climate—always seemed a bit on edge." So the Turks found them at Anzac.

At intervals he paid flying visits to England, where his parents had settled on the Sussex coast, which was afterwards to become his own home. During the South African War he was mainly in Bloemfontein, the plague house of typhoid, where he helped in bringing out the *Bloemfontein Friend*, aided by H. A. Gwynne, chief of correspondents, now editor of the *Morning Post*. It was there that I saw him for the only time, in a passing train. When at last the army reached Pretoria, I heard his "Recessional" sung in a religious celebration upon the great Square. It was composed just after the old Queen's Jubilee of a few years earlier, and it became the most popular, though, in my opinion, the worst of his poems, perhaps rivalled by the "Absent-Minded Beggar," equally well-known in those distant years.

Kipling has in this book told the whole of his outward life with great simplicity. It is a "plain tale" from all over the world. Few names are mentioned, and only those of distinguished friends—Lord Roberts, Lord Dufferin, Cecil Rhodes, Charles Eliot Norton, Henley, H. A. Gwynne, and Percival Landon. He follows his own rule of not criticizing or caring about criticism. Very seldom he expresses his personal dislikes, as of the Boers, the Irish, the Jews, the *Manchester Guardian*, and Emily Hobhouse. From his likes and dislikes his temper and general views can be judged; and the worst of them can be judged from the worst of his poems in his rather blatant eulogy of "the Blood" in such outcries as "Truly ye come of The Blood," "Judge are we men of The Blood?" and so on.

If I may judge of so powerful and influential a mind, I should say his weakest side was this tendency to racial pride. But he will always be recognized as one of the most distinct and widely appreciated figures in our literature. He was at his best when he was recalling India and the scenes of his youth. To his association with India we owe about a dozen of the best short stories in our language, and four or five poems that seem to bear the mark of "immortality." His wise mother, who created for him one of his best-known lines, "What do they know of England who only England know," once said to him "You couldn't make a plot to save your soul." But, though they have no plot, his longer books like *Kim* and the *Jungle Books* are likely to be read for generations.

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AUTOCRACIES TODAY AND YESTERDAY

By J. A. R. Marriott

DICTATORS, by Jacques Bainville. Translated by J. Lewis May. *Jonathan Cape*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

M. Jacques Bainville's book is undeniably opportune. Little as we may like Dictatorship as a form of government we are all interested in Dictators. Unexpectedly. If there was one confident prediction made during the Great War, it was that it would "make the world safe for Democracy." It did bring to the ground three great Empires, and gave the final kick to a fourth, which had long been decadent. The three great autocracies the world would be glad to see back again today. Nobody can pretend that Germany is less menacing to Europe today, or internally more free, than it was under the Hohenzollerns. Most people can now perceive that the Hapsburg Empire, with all its faults, was a rock of stability as compared with the small States which have arisen from its ruins. As for Russia, tens of millions of obscure graves bear witness to the wickedness and inefficiency of the régime which has supplanted the cruel and inefficient government of the Czars. The Great War, then, instead of making the world safe for Democracy, has opened the doors to Autocracy. Any book which helps us to understand this perplexing phenomenon is welcome.

Nevertheless, M. Bainville's book is disappointing. I opened it with keen anticipation. The French original I purchased, but my copy mysteriously disappeared before I had done more than glance at it. The glance, however, sufficed to make me wish to read it carefully. The appearance of an English version brought me to the point. But I was greatly disappointed. That a French book—especially an impressionist sketch—should lose its sparkle in an English translation is almost inevitable. Mr. May has done his best to preserve it, and it is a skilful and courageous best; but the blunt truth is that this is a singularly unequal book.

M. Bainville is, naturally, at his best when he is on his native soil. Even there the treatment is somewhat slapdash, but it is undoubtedly brilliant. Yet this is not a book to put into the hands of anyone who does not possess a fairly detailed knowledge of modern history. Without it the reader is bound to be constantly confused, if not occasionally misled. Take, for instance, this passage from the chapter on Napoleon III:

> "he . . . intrigued, none too adroitly, in Germany, and, together with Bismarck, who played the part of Simple Simon, pursued the said *politique de pourboires*. . . . Finally, he engaged in the disastrous Mexican adventure. . . . To his credit it must be recorded that in 1860 . . ."

Who would guess that the Mexican adventure was in 1863-1865, and *preceded* the intrigue with Bismarck which really began with the interview at Biarritz in 1865, and ended with the neutralization of Luxemburg in 1867. M. Bainville regards Napoleon I as "the most transcendently impressive of all dictators that have ever been," and the chapter devoted to him is interesting,

but it is surely a slip to describe Napoleon as " the son-in-law of the Cæsars." The last remnant of a " Cæsarian " Empire had been abolished by Napoleon himself four years before his marriage with the Arch-duchess Marie Louise. It is something worse than a slip to say of General Bonaparte: " In 1799, he returned again to France [from Egypt] and, to his surprise, was hailed as a hero. He did not know that the game was up there and that he was their (*sic*) sole resource." This is an astonishing statement. Bonaparte had been carefully watching the ripening of the pear in Paris: in 1799 he was sure that it was ripe, and he returned, with all haste, to pluck it.

The most valuable chapters in the book are those devoted to Richelieu and Louis XIV respectively. They should dispel many illusions.

For Louis XIV the author had evidently a great admiration, but it is surely an excessive extension of the idea of Dictatorship to include Louis XIV in the ranks of dictators. M. Bainville had, seemingly, some doubt about the matter himself since he begins his chapter with a half-apology. But if you include Louis XIV, what successful autocratic king are you going to exclude? If Louis XIV, why not Peter the Great and Frederick II of Prussia, and, perhaps, Henry VIII?

Oliver Cromwell is, indeed, most properly included: but unfortunately to no good purpose, for the chapter on his Protectorate, though one of the longest, is one of the least satisfactory in the book. What, I wonder, would Sir Charles Firth or S. R. Gardiner have said to the statement (p. 63) that " For three years, both at Westminster and with the Army, he [Cromwell] strove unceasingly to stir up hatred against Charles. It was his constant endeavour to kindle anew the flames of civil war . . . ? " That is not the lesson I learnt from the two great historians just named. Nor can I accept the statement that " the Ironsides became the ' Levellers.' " *Some* of them, of course, did: and more would have done, but for the sternly-repressive measures of Cromwell—but this statement as it stands at best needs qualification.

The chapters on Greece and Rome are terribly thin and, even so, are not too satisfactory. I find it difficult, for instance, to regard Pisistratus and Pericles, Marius and Julius Cæsar as belonging equally to the dictatorial class.

A third division of the book deals with the " History, Brief but Astonishing, of the South-American Republics." My knowledge of Latin America is too slight to enable me to critize this section, but it is certainly an astonishing feat to deal in forty-two pages with Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela (for which M. Bainville has, seemingly, considerable admiration), Ecuador, Bolivia, the Argentine Republic Uruguay and Paraguay, Peru, Chile, and Brazil, from the fifteenth century to the twentieth!

There remain the modern dictators—Russian, Turkish, Italian, Spanish Portuguese, and German. This (apart from Louis XIV) is the most satisfactory part of the book: and is well worth reading. Especially good is M. Bainville on the Atatürk, on the origins of Fascism, and hardly less good on " France's most formidable antagonist," Herr Hitler.

There is much less generalization and philosophy in the book than we should expect from a French writer whose words are addressed primarily to Frenchmen (see p. 7). One of the few, but not very profound, generalizations is: " Dictatorships can be the best, or the worst, form of government." Most Englishmen question the first half of this proposition.

THE MUSE IN CHAINS, by Stephen Potter. *Cape*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

THIS is a book written more in anger than in sorrow, but Mr. Potter immensely enjoys his anger, and everyone with a taste for literary blood-sports will share his enjoyment. It is an exposition and an exposure of what he calls Eng. Lit., or Lit., or, more compactly and phonetically, Inglit; a ruthless, entertaining, and most salutary document, which should be studied with care by all who are attempting—in schools, universities, and elsewhere—to "teach" English Literature. Mr. Potter is not the discoverer of Inglit: others (notably Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch) were making devastating fun of it in the days when Mr. Potter was learning to decline *mensa*. But he is the first to devote a whole book to it, the first to give it a name and by so doing to endow it with a kind of monstrous personality. Inglit, he tells us, after leading us round the monster and showing us some of its fantastic habits, is "the study of the externals of English Literature, from plots to punctuation, in which the educative function of literature, its unique power of expressing, with every degree of directness, absolute difference in men, and the subtle processes by which these differences are achieved, is lost sight of." It is the spirit that delights to collate facts about literature, but disdains to inquire what literature is about. But this disdain is merely the unconscious camouflage of timidity and self-mistrust, a disinclination to exchange the safety of solid facts for the deep waters of the imagination. Mr. Potter was himself cradled in Inglit, and his book, with its footnotes and its innumerable literary allusions, might be fairly described as "a fully documented history" of the subject. If he were to submit it as an academic thesis to either Oxford (his own University) or Cambridge, he would almost certainly be given a Ph.D. or its equivalent.

Inglit's standards of value, says Mr. Potter, are based on an absolute distinction between geniuses and non-geniuses. The geniuses are the Great Writers, and the non-genuises are the rest of us. The fact that we are non-geniuses excuses us from listening to what the Great Writers say, and justifies our concentrating exclusively on the way they say it, on their use of the comma and colon, on their style, on their "period." We cannot, since they are geniuses, share their vision; but we can, any of us, be critics, says Inglit, and criticism consists in awarding marks to the Great and in arranging their illustrious names in order of merit. In a passage of high satirical nonsense Mr. Potter declares this order of merit to be "unalterable":

> *Shakespeare*, No. 1 . . . Long pause, then *Milton* and *Wordsworth* bracketed second closely followed by *Chaucer* (4), *Keats* (5), *Spenser* (6). Then first "prose" writers, because "poetry" always, of course, ranks before "prose": Bacon and Swift. Then Shelley. Then if and only if it is agreed that they have been dead long enough . . . place here Carlyle and Browning. Or place them, at any rate, next after Pope and Cowley. And then—why not?—a novelist. But the dead-decency test is rather more rigid for novelists. At any rate the thirteenth place has always been reserved for Fielding. After 13 the order is a little less rigid. But right up to number 65 (Crabbe) the absolute hierarchy is maintained.

I think "number 65 (Crabbe)" is the most delicious thing in the book. It has the perfection of pure poetry.

Satire is apt to be as indiscriminating a weapon as the bomb. The innocent are slaughtered with the guilty. No one, least of all (I hope) Mr. Potter, will contend that Mr. Potter is quite fair. He is unnecessarily severe, I think, on the subject of literary gossip. To enjoy thinking about Johnson and Lamb as characters in history is not to enjoy literature. But it is surely an innocent

pleasure. Mr. Potter makes merciless play with the cant-phrases beloved of Inglit. When Inglit is dead and gone, he says,

> it will be Good-bye to Lit, farewell "Lamb's sly rejoinder," farewell "strong lyrical vein," adieu "middle period of the novel of passion,"

and his dust-cover is most amusingly plastered with similar tags. Thus we get "sweetness and light," "that *sæva indignatio* which burns," "ink-horn terms," and "killed in a tavern brawl." If this ridicule of Mr. Potter's succeeds in terrifying dull teachers into silence, much will have been gained. Its more probable effect, however, will be the establishment of a new snobbery. Certain phrases will be henceforth taboo. Perhaps certain facts will become unmentionable. I wish I could get a ruling from Mr. Potter on this point.

GERALD BULLETT

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THE DU MAURIERS, by Daphne du Maurier. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

IN drawing-rooms where the late Victorian age lingers in a final sedate accumulation of relics and of sentiment, we are often called on to admire those foggy or fading images of the past: grave, brown images, posturing with so much dignity by curtains or balustrades, and so reverently preserved in pictorial anthologies of modes and of manners—the family photograph albums. These little exhibitions, accompanied by the notes and observations of the exhibitor, are sometimes of a rare and unexpected beauty. There may be a converging of interest, a sense of tributary movement, in the direction of an eminent or remembered character. In such a case (and this applies very obviously to Miss du Maurier's book) the distant figures are coloured and invigorated by the fact of their contribution, their value in the ancestral perspective.

Miss du Maurier turns over the pages of her own family album; and a very odd one it is. Her comments are prettily modulated by knowledge and affection, but they are frequently shrewd and enlivening. As she reveals the ancestral perspective with a delicate and easy precision, turning the pages with no unseemly haste, we realise that we are being introduced to a group of remarkable people. Here is no ordinary procession of military uncles and of growling schoolmasters, of prosperous colonial cousins and of dim, voluminously futile spinsterhood; but a line of romantics and adventurers who pose or saunter with grace and occasional flamboyance; the family and forerunners of that strange, lovable genius, the author of *Trilby*.

Miss du Maurier's book is in every way admirable. Written in easy and harmonious prose—a book for intelligent readers of every type—it is a fine piece of imaginative biography, well founded in fact, and illuminated by a penetrating,

vigilant sense of character. Apart from its value and interest as a chronicle, this book should amply confirm Miss du Maurier's reputation as a writer of uncommon merit.

It is entertaining to find, at the head of this family procession, the flashing and exuberantly amorous figure of Mrs. Clarke—Mary Anne Clarke of the army scandals of 1809, the grandmother of George du Maurier! This woman, great in the annals of prostitution, was the mistress of the Duke of York; and she was the origin, the instigator, of one of the most shocking cases in which a Royal Duke was ever involved. The Duke was the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and he awarded commissions or promotions to the nominees of Mrs. Clarke. The basis of these transactions, as far as the lady was concerned, was purely commercial, and she had a definite scale of the charges to be extorted from each applicant. After the case there was a compromise, and Mrs. Clarke and her daughter Ellen went to Paris. Then came the handsome, theatrical Louis-Mathurin du Maurier, who wanted to bite very large pieces out of a very material world; the father of Peter Ibbetson, for he became the husband of Ellen Clarke. Ellen, it seems, always believed that she was the daughter of the Duke of York; but her mother, when questioned, is alleged to have murmured in saucy vagueness: "So many people at Brighton . . . such a poor memory for faces!" The second half of the book is taken up with an account of the early life of George du Maurier—one who was to know all the good fortune and all the misery of being born an artist in a world of Philistines. In this account there are passages of a touching, decorous beauty (the scene at the death-bed of Louis-Mathurin, for example), and there is humour, and a great deal of remarkably fine drawing. Indeed, the whole book is eminently readable and enjoyable.

C. E. VULLIAMY

LORD BOTHWELL, by Robert Gore-Browne. *Collins.* 15*s.*

THE Earl of Bothwell has been much vilified since his death, but apparently never studied. This volume may be taken as the first serious attempt to understand him. Though occasionally exasperating in its tricks of presentation, it is of the utmost interest: first, because it makes Bothwell a credible character instead of a mere villain; secondly, because it construes the Casket Letters in a new way; and thirdly, because it strengthens considerably Major-General Mahon's contention that the tragedy of Kirk o' Field was due to a Catholic plot whose aim was to get rid of Mary Stuart, but which was thwarted at the last moment by a counter-plot led by the Douglases. On all these subjects Mr. Gore-Browne writes with knowledge, or such knowledge as can be retrieved from the ecstasy of lying that they gave rise to, and he employs his knowledge with judgment and ingenuity. His reconstruction of the Kirk o' Field crime is particularly neat and takes account of all the facts or presumable facts, though it certainly depends on a coincidence, the fact that Bothwell appeared at one side of Kirk o' Field just when the Douglases were waiting to murder Darnley at the other. Mr. Gore-Browne's theory is that Bothwell, unwilling to believe that the vaults of the house were mined to blow up the Queen, insisted on being shown them, and thereupon in a burst of anger fired the fuse to destroy Darnley himself, the head of the plot. Darnley, smelling the smoke, and knowing what it signified, rushed out into the garden in his night-dress and was there despatched by the Douglases. This solution implies that Bothwell and Darnley's murderers were both in the house on different errands at the same time, without knowing of each other's presence. But it is clear in the other hand that Darnley was murdered in the garden, and that the explosion had nothing to do with his

death. Also the fuse, according to witnesses, burned for a quarter of an hour before it reached the powder. Thus there was time for the murder before the explosion. And if Bothwell actually fired the fuse, which seems to be established, that at least supplies him with an alibi, as Mr. Gore-Browne contends. Indeed he was less likely to be the murderer than anyone else, and less likely to know about the murder than anyone else.

As for Bothwell, Mr. Gore-Browne has surprisingly little difficulty in showing him to be an honester man than most of his contemporaries in Scotland. However, it could not have been difficult to be more virtuous than Moray, who betrayed his sister and took bribes from England, or than Maitland, who seemed to have a love of villainy for its own sake, or than Ruthven, who had to be helped from his sick-bed to commit murder. Bothwell never took a bribe from England, although he was always in need of money; he does not seem to have been cruel, as Moray certainly was, or treacherous like Maitland, or an unscrupulous liar like Buchanan. Yet simply because these men were on the Protestant side, they have come down through history, which has been largely Protestant history, as respectable figures. It seems that Bothwell was hated by them partly because of his honesty, partly because of his unique position, for he was a Protestant who remained faithful to his Queen and his country. Mr. Gore-Browne establishes Bothwell's honesty in a corrupt age; but he does not make him a significant historical figure. Bothwell was certainly an excellent man of action within limits, but in the actual technique of achieving power he remained an amateur. He belonged, as Mr. Gore-Browne says, to an earlier and simpler age. Even the part which he played in the affair of Kirk o' Field seems to have been characteristic of him: he made a noise off stage. He acted directly but missed the mark, while the crookedness of Moray and Maitland hit it and changed Scottish history.

This biography is admirable so long as it sticks to its subject. Bothwell cannot be shown again as a stage villain. But it is a pity that Mr. Gore-Browne should interlard authentic conversations with such absurd directions as "Slender eyebrows forced themselves into severity," and "A sidelong glance flickered under heavy lids," and refer pathetically to "the little Queen" when the evidence goes to show that Mary was unusually tall. But these faults do not seriously invalidate the worth of this book, which gives the first trustworthy account of a famous figure. EDWIN MUIR

GREAT TRADE ROUTE, by Ford Madox Ford. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A SENTIMENTAL journey Mr. Ford calls this and he certainly belongs to that romantic and apostrophic school of writers who find "these things" ordered better in France. Not in northern France, not anywhere indeed north of Dijon, but in the south and in all those countries which lie within an oval traced through the sunlight from Peking, Samarkand, Constantinople, Provence—and the tip of Cornwall, for patriotism's sake—and back by way of Washington. And the rim of that oval is the Great Trade route from the East; all civilisation is within it, it is the reserve of the small producers, there are no factory chimneys (This is a gorgeous lie). And beyond the rim is all that is Nordic, mass produced, full of aggression and barbarity. We, the degraded who live in the north, are a destructive and acquisitive people who hate the good life perhaps because we do not see the sun often enough but certainly because our natural juices are impoverished and our minds insidiously poisoned by a diet of preserved vegetables and frozen meat.

Well, it is refreshing since the slump drove the virtues and vices of the

Mediterranean out of fashion with our writers, to come upon the genial and genuine article again. And it is only just to commend an author so devoted to the growing of fresh vegetables in small holdings, for being full of beans. Then there is the Sterne touch, with the difference that Mr. Ford is considerably more distracted by thoughts of his dinner than by glimpses of petticoat. Otherwise, he jumps about in time, geography and snatches of the French tongue, in the Sterne manner, except that he is too downright and effusive a fellow to attempt the lighter passages of innuendo. He skids rather than glides away, you hear him laughing rather too festively at jokes which are, alas, private; see him becoming rather too conscientiously oblique. So it is not Sterne after all, but something more brilliant, hard and vehement in its way of entertainment. You get used to him at last and when, after many false starts, he does finally get on his journey from France to the United States, from north to south and back to France by Malaga again —everyone so *gay* in Malaga before the Nordic barbarians began plotting— you begin to find he has good stories as well as hobby horses.

To say exactly what the book is about defeats me. It is about the modern (northern) world intent on mass destruction after mass production, the nasty draughts that blow into Geneva and the building contractor called Babel who was working on the League buildings. It is about Cardiff miners who come down to Cardiff to forget the Welsh hills, growing mustard and cress (as a nature cult rite) in a cracked tureen in New York, and a Dr. Barnes who said he would sooner burn his collection of pictures than let Mr. Ford see them. I hesitate to repeat it in a review, but One of the Great Names of France gave Mr. Ford tinned peas for lunch, and he did not get any sleep for two nights in Pennsylvania. Also the hotel charged him for the use of an electric fan which blew the sheets off the bed. There is a good deal of history. Columbus appears as the harbinger of destruction; but against him there is the gorgeous, the truly civilized extravagance of Jefferson. Climate is all. In the places where men slacken off life is worth living and once he gets down to Washington he begins to feel alive again. There was the trial of Hauptmann to make him angry—and he is good when he is angry. It was like a bull-fight. There was a ferocious determination in everyone present to put Hauptmann to death. It was a kind of treason to suggest he was innocent or that political careers as well as a man's life were at stake. But the real theme of Mr. Ford is the plight of the modern world in face of the threat of international civil wars.

"Now every individual of those crowds is not by nature a Sadist religious lunatic. It is crowd suggestion that makes them so—and the larger the crowd the more impetuously does the suggestion run through them—till every individual becomes a Sadist religious lunatic.

What, then, is the obvious cure?

The cure is to reduce your crowds and stop the suggestion being injected into those reduced crowds. . . . .

To-day the whole world talks of nothing else but setting up everyone else but their own class up against walls."

And so he goes back to Provence to plant his peas. By September 13th, he notes, if the war comes, he will be self-supporting. The green shoots will be above the soil. "There is no greater joy. Money for nothing. Think about it, Nordics."

He got the land and the house free, I suppose. Some enlightened southern peasant just gave it him, eh? What Mr. Ford has really demonstrated is that artists are the irrepressible outcasts from society. V. S. PRITCHETT

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SOCIALISM, by John Strachey. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
FORWARD FROM LIBERALISM, by Stephen Spender. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In *The Nature of Capitalist Crisis,* Mr. Strachey wrote the first intelligible and comprehensive account of the world of frustration in which we live. The economists were suitably shocked. But they could not parry his challenge. Here he necessarily goes over some of the same ground. He is looking through the other end of the telescope, however, and is therefore at pains to answer the questions which many of us—who accept *on the plane of thought* his critique of capitalism — are eager to put to the hot-gospellers of the Left. Part I, "The Economic System," does not come up to the level of the earlier book, and his restatement of Marxism—"The Science of Social Change"—in the fourth and final section may be thought a shade too deferential. But throughout the book the argument is admirably lucid and the prose a model of incisiveness. What makes Mr. Strachey the foremost exponent of Socialism writing in English is surely his continual awareness that the majority of his readers are still in the outer darkness and do not know their Marx. Consequently he goes to immense trouble to define his terms. Socialism is

> "a system of planned production for use in which the products are distributed in accordance with the quantity and quality of the work done."

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who sought to kid us that Socialism meant equality of income, comes in for a severe trouncing. Communism, on the other hand, signifies

> "a social system which is also based on planned production for use, but in which the products are distributed according to need, and work is done according to ability."

If, indeed, people only appreciated the distinction established here between "the working class" and "the Rest" Mr. Strachey and his friends would not so frequently be preaching to deaf ears.

The author makes a bull point, in my judgment, when he frankly recognizes that for a particular historical period, when the need of mankind was to open up the untapped resources of the globe, capitalism was a huge success. As a technique, it has outlived its usefulness: hence the general revolt against "poverty in plenty." But it is only now, in this day and age, when the increasing *disproportion* between the available means of production and the available purchasing power is plain for all the world to see, that mental projection of an alternative social system has come to have meaning for the ordinary man.

"The whole fatal dichotomy of modern society" originates really at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The division of owners and earners, however only became clear after the eighteenth century when the self-appointed owners of the means of production discovered and exploited the wonders of science. It is useful to have this delineation of the working class, to which you and I belong, as a historical product. The capitalist society, naturally, evolves a self-acting mechanism of regulation—profitability. Today it is "seized," and any so-called planning under capitalism is not going to help. Such measures, as Mr. Strachey observes, are nothing better than "a sort of economic contraception."

There must be a substitute mechanism of regulation, and it can only be "the deliberate decisions of some central body as to what goods and how many of each of them shall be produced." The thing is seen in operation in Soviet Russia. But it was also demonstrated, inadvertently, by the body appointed by the U.S.A. Government to make a survey of Potential Product Capacity. The U.S.S.R. furnishes an object-lesson, too, in the type of democratic structure

appropriate to a Socialist economic system. That, in Mr. Strachey's view, our Parliamentary system does not deserve the name of democracy goes without saying. Its origin in property franchise, now conveniently forgotten, of course, gives the whole game away.

Mr. Stephen Spender, apparently, has only just discovered this. His portrait in a mirror of the Liberal born out of time is rather a flaccid affair. By virtue of his preternatural background of liberalism and his rebellion against it which has found expression in poetry, he is quite untypical; and therefore one cannot quite understand why he should want to undress, mentally, in the full light of the public gaze. He would have us accompany him along the road to communism. But it would be a good idea if he first mastered the elements of socialism so cogently portrayed by John Strachey.

W. Horsfall Carter

LETTERS OF FANNY BRAWNE TO FANNY KEATS. Edited by Fred Edgcumbe. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

LETTERS OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Edited by G. E. and E. L. Griggs. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

Our crackling age of machinery, having provided itself with miraculous means of communicating with its contemporaries all the world over, has lost touch with the only sure means of communicating with posterity. The art of letter-writing has been killed by the telephone and the wireless. This platitudinous reflection is emphasized by the discovery of the letters of Fanny Brawne and Hartley Coleridge, now after an interval of a hundred years first given to the world under the charge of efficient and sympathetic editors, who are able to claim, not without justice, that in both cases a new and revealing searchlight is turned upon the well-remembered and often misjudged characters of their writers. It is safe to say that, "whatever record leap to light," a hundred years on, no popular writer of today will be found to have left such a fund of self-revelation to confound the critics; for an honest and intimate letter, written in the flush of emotion, tells more than a chapter of autobiography, "remembered in tranquillity." It is the sentiment of the moment that lets loose the secrets of the heart.

Fanny Brawne's letters to Fanny Keats make up a modest sheaf; only about thirty in all, and none of them very long; but they thrill like harp-strings, and leave a tender, haunting music in the memory. When Keats set out on his last journey to Rome, he begged his sweetheart to keep his little sister closely acquainted with all news of him, and it thus became Fanny Brawne's painful task to convey to the younger Fanny the story of her brother's last illness and death. Fanny Brawne carried on the correspondence intermittently for another three years; and the packet of letters, after many travels and vicissitudes, is now safely stored in the Keats Memorial House at Hampstead, whose Curator, Mr. Fred Edgcumbe, has prepared them for press, with an efficient and illuminating apparatus of notes and commentary.

There is no disputing the claim that these letters, natural, unsophisticated, and intimate, show up Fanny Brawne in a fresh and very attractive light. Addressed from one woman's heart to another's, they are naturally innocent of those airs and coquetries which have given Fanny Brawne the reputation of a minx, but which may well have been little more than protective armoury in the duel of sex. At any rate, in her confidences with her lover's girlish sister, the capricious mistress is transformed into a practical, sensible, and sensitive woman, cultured in taste, well-versed in feminine interests of books and plays,

dress and pet-birds, and, what is much more to the point, wrung with grief at the loss of her lover, and profoundly stirred by every fond remembrance of him. No one reading these letters can doubt that Fanny Brawne was really in love with John Keats; and to know that is to forgive all.

The letters of Hartley Coleridge are a larger affair altogether, and the task of editing them has implied a much greater labour. They fill a closely packed volume, bubble with names and references demanding explanation, and had moreover to be collected from various and scattered sources. Their revelation also is of a very different order. Fanny Brawne reveals herself, sub-consciously and by implication, but Hartley Coleridge inherited from his father a positive passion for the confessional, and cleared his conscience by emptying his heart to his correspondents. Coleridge's faithful biographer, Dykes Campbell, sums Hartley up in a phrase as "a gentle, simple, humble-minded man, whose life was marred and broken by intemperance"; his present editors complete the picture by calling him "a misfit, a dreamer set in a world of reality," whose "personality is delightful, as it emerges from the chronicle of comedy and tragedy which gradually dethroned him from a position of honour and security to one of wandering and dependence."

It is a melancholy story; but, as it takes shape in the fabric of Hartley's voluminous correspondence, it is redeemed and humanized by his abundant fund of good humour, by the patience with which he recovers from his manifold shortcomings, and by his companionable sympathy with the many friends whose interests rival his own for possession of his heart of hearts. Such is the perfection of intimate correspondence, a memorial more lasting than all the acclamation of contemporary criticism.

ARTHUR WAUGH

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, by John Milton Baker. *Allen & Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

IF some men are born great, some achieve greatness from the men they know. Such was Henry Crabb Robinson, who, born in the same year as Jane Austen and Charles Lamb, lived on until ninety-two into the year of Arnold Bennett's birth. For all his adult years he had an intense interest in other people: "I am in the habit of talking with people about their own affairs," he notes after an account of a chance travelling companion. For half a century he knew all the leading figures: Goethe welcomed him ("Mr. Robinson, you have been, as I hear, a long time in our neighbourhood and never once paid me a visit"); Madame de Staël seems genuinely to have enjoyed his company; Wordsworth was his intimate, and so was Coleridge; the Lambs were his constant friends. Crabb Robinson not only knew—he recorded. If taking pains be a part of genius, then that part Crabb Robinson possessed. His journals, letters, and reminiscences fill numerous volumes, and fortunately they are preserved in Dr. Williams's Library in Gordon Square. "If you were to print all that you find," he wrote to his executors, "you would show great want of judgment; and I should think the same of you if you came to the conclusion that there is nothing worth preserving."

Early interest in Crabb Robinson came inevitably from the great ones he had known. Mr. Baker's purpose, as I see it, is to give a separate portrait of Crabb Robinson for his own sake. He would remove the innumerable 'Johnsons' who obscure this patient if somewhat pedestrian Boswell. The notion was admirable. Crabb Robinson had a full life; he was the first foreign correspondent of *The Times*, and for a short time its editor; he was a barrister of competence; he took an active part in the development of the University of London, and, as Bagehot has shown, he was an example

of that unhappily lost entity the "character," individual, distinctive, and, in old age, odd without being eccentric. Unfortunately, Mr. Baker's purpose has not been fulfilled, for his work belongs to that strange, pathological and foetal type known as "thesis." It lacks perspective, balance, and proportion. True, Mr. Baker has found new material, and has studied Crabb Robinson's own published works, but his volume leaves us with no firm impression of the man. Partly Mr. Baker's limitations may arise from modesty. In 1935 Miss Edith Morley, after a number of learned, preliminary studies, published a delightful volume entitled *The Life and Times of H. Crabb Robinson*. Mr. Baker seems most anxious to avoid dealing with the matters which Miss Morley explored, but inevitably Miss Morley dealt with all the most entertaining incidents. It is as if I were to write a life of Lloyd George and say that I would pass over the War as Mr. Lloyd George had said enough about that himself.

Crabb Robinson's published work, though it appears bulky after Mr. Baker's researches, is not of any marked quality. Even his contributions on Goethe are notable only as pioneering, and though he wrote about Kant, his understanding of metaphysics or of any type of abstract thought was negligible. His own judgment was perhaps severe but just in the main:

> It was the failure of my attempt to gain distinction by writing that made me willing to devote myself honestly to the law, and so saved me the mortification that follows a *little* literary success by which many men of inferior faculties like myself, have been betrayed into an unwise adoption of literature as a profession.

If only every aspirant to letters had followed such an honest course, how unencumbered our literature would be!

Crabb Robinson endures only as a sociable personality who had talent and character enough to make him a companion and not a mere "hanger-on" of the men he admired. This human side Mr. Baker never fully discovers. In his concluding paragraph he calls in Rousseau, Johnson, Goethe and Emerson as comparisons to make his final estimate. Bagehot's picture, though touched with caricature, of an aged man full of fun, movement, and good sense, entertaining undergraduates to breakfast out of an unfilled teapot, is nearer the truth, though of course not the whole truth.

B. Ifor Evans

LIFE IN A NOBLE HOUSEHOLD, by Gladys Scott Thomson. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book sets an example—and a standard—which should be followed. It heralds the death, one hopes, of those vague "social histories" which, sprawling untidily over long periods of years, manage to impart the picture of a period which would do no discredit to a costume film scenario. Miss Scott Thomson limits herself in a lengthy book to the lifetime of a single family—from 1641 to 1700—and examines the background of its existence in scholarly detail. The family is that of the fifth Earl of Bedford, and the book is based upon his household papers—account books, bills and letters.

Every facet of life is dealt with—residence in the country at Woburn and in London at Bedford House in the Strand; travel, sickness, dress; the kitchen, the stables, the wine-cellar, the picture-gallery, the gardens. Entries from the account books reveal not only the change in prices but the change in fashions; and the background of great events throws everything into sharper relief. (How appropriate, for example, that champagne should come in with the Restoration!)

The years from the death of his father in 1641 till 1658, the Earl spent quietly, extricating himself from debt and superintending the family estates.

But at the return of the King, he spent liberally as befitted his station on taking his proper place in the Coronation procession—over £500 on his own clothes and nearly £1,000 on his servants' and his equipage. Unfortunately the *pièce de résistance* was lacking. He had ordered from Paris a new and splendid coach with the latest modern fad of glass windows; it cost him £170; but, to his annoyance, it was held up at the Customs till after the Coronation.

After the Restoration the Bedford estates expanded, for they were the Earl's real love and on them he spent time and care which merited a return; but, fascinating as Miss Scott Thomson makes the story, it is impossible in a short review to expatiate on the process. There are, however, revealing sidelights, which may be quoted.

There is the matter, for instance, of the Earl's library. In 1700, he owned in all less than three hundred printed books, and of these he was left at least forty by his father. Among them was no dramatist and no poet, no book, among those being published at the time, on philosophy, mathematics or architecture. There was a goodly sprinkling of Richard Baxter (though not, oddly enough, the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*) and the works of a popular Presbyterian writer.

But to match this Puritanic restraint in one matter, it must be mentioned that in another—his wine-cellar—his taste was by no means ascetic.

And he did not forget his charitable duties. Every few months he instructed his gentleman of the privy purse to give money for the prisoners in London and Bedford gaols. Also he was interested in the conversion of the Jews and subscribed ten shillings for the support of one who had seen the light.

Life in a Noble Household is a book which every historian will, in any case, get and which others should not miss.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

ENGLISH VILLAGE HOMES, by Sydney R. Jones. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE OLD TOWNS OF ENGLAND, by Clive Rouse. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ENGLAND'S CHARACTER, by S. P. B. Mais. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

IT seems to be almost a form of wish-fulfilment that has inspired the production of the first two books under review. Here is the England of our dreams, the halt of time, the elimination of the jerry-built. Here are ducking stools and tilting yards, wattle and daub, Flemish plaster work, Moot Halls and packhorse bridges. A veritable Korda close-up. No one could wish to belittle the efforts of Messrs. Jones and Rouse, who conduct us pleasantly through towns and villages with historical gossip and literary quips; still less to underrate the beauty of the accompanying photographs. It is just that the mind rebels at being hypnotised into believing that this is the England that we recognise today.

For this reason I prefer Mr. Mais's straightforward narrative of journeys up and down the country by train, motor coach and private car. Mr. Mais is not afraid to look his England in the face, warts and all, and for this we are grateful. He chats with all and sundry, has some pleasant things to say about village cricket and a day with the beagles and, while on the roads, manfully tackles successive meals of eggs and tea—all that our wayside "cafés" can offer to sustain the robust appetite of England's coaching public. Mr. Mais might have satisfied us better had he not been quite so easily pleased; had he occasionally, for example, cried his wrongs to heaven, battered on the faces of self-satisfied hotel-keepers and viciously dealt with the sulky fires of station waiting-rooms. But, as Mr. Mais might reasonably answer, that is not England's Character.

M. M.

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THE PORCH, by Richard Church. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
DELICATE MONSTER, By Storm Jameson. *Nicholson & Watson.* 5*s.*
NO ESCAPE, by Randall Swingler. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is a great achievement for a poet to write a novel about life in the Civil Service without once descending to banality. Because Mr. Church is a first-rate artist, the petty tyrannies and small ironic catastrophes which beset his two heroes belong no less appropriately to his careful design than their loves and sorrows and memories.

The Porch tells the story of two ambitious youths, one already a poet and the other anxious to become a doctor, who struggle to escape from the secure blind alley of Custom House clerkship by secretly studying for Matriculation. Mouncer, strangely gifted product of the slums, is doomed from the start by tuberculosis to lose his tense battle. He and his friend John Quickshott, less magically endowed yet remarkable for the sensitive maturity given him at eighteen by early experience of loneliness and loss, both fall in love with Dorothy Sinnier, a farmer's daughter from Devonshire who is also destined for the Service. I found Dorothy's love for Mouncer, diseased and bitterly heroic in his vain struggle against insuperable handicaps, the only unconvincing part of the story. It is otherwise a beautiful, sensitive revelation of the struggles, woes, generosities and spiritual victories which dignify and enhance those insignificant human atoms who hurry to their mechanical occupations in the London "rush hour." Mr. Church writes in tender half-tones, illustrated by his own phrase "the amber twilight of memory." His narrative is embellished with delicate jewelled sentences which catch the eye like the flash of diamonds in pale urban sunshine.

He is equally happy in describing the streets of the City, the suburban serenity of Denmark Hill or the summer light upon the Thames, "edging everything with a passionate hardness, so that the warehouses, factories, church spires and vessels on the stream shone as clear and immortal as though they were reduced once more through the filtration of two centuries and set on a canvas by Canaletto."

It is a violent contrast to turn to Miss Storm Jameson. It is also a relief, for the quiet sustained balance of Mr. Church's art occasionally makes the reader long to see him succumb to spasmodic passion or tumble into irrational prejudice. *Delicate Monster* is not one of Miss Jameson's more ambitious books, but in its own category of long-short story it is a miniature masterpiece written with uncompromising indignation—and nobody can be more indignant than Miss Jameson when she lets herself go.

A woman novelist, Fanny, relates the history from childhood to middle age of her spectacular friend and enemy Victoria, a self-dramatising, lavishly promiscuous actress whose mother is the village dressmaker at Fanny's birthplace. Although Victoria's "conquests" include Fanny's own weakling husband, the early association between the two women triumphs over their fundamental incompatability, and the paroxysm of laughter which restores them to each other after years of strain is one of the best incidents in a flawless little book. While telling her tale, Fanny produces unflattering opinions—likely to be particularly congenial to publishers, editors and literary agents—of authors and especially of novelists. She also subconsciously reveals her own embittered, critical, grudging disposition, as well as its conscientious reliability which offers a secure refuge to Victoria's normal, unambitious young daughter and her commonplace but adored husband.

This brilliant and merciless little study is presented in a tense, economical style,

nlessly shorn of every superfluity, ch puts the sprawling verbosity of scrupulous writers to shame.

No Escape is a first novel by another t, strange and elusive. The pre-upation of both authors with con-nporary poetry perhaps explains a tain family likeness between this ok and *The Porch*, though Mr. ingler is not yet comparable to Mr. urch in maturity of outlook or strength design. The sudden introduction of War into the final pages confuses the tern; a challenging political problem es not fit the preliminary representa-n of sombre, sequestered lives. Never-less, Mr. Swingler has a power of ating atmosphere which raises his vel above the average. He succeeds giving credibility to super-sensitive aracters and over-significant incidents, d his flexible, distinguished prose kes him a novelist to be watched with ention.

VERA BRITTAIN

HE GREAT AND THE GOODS, by Ivor Brown. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

HE VIRGIN KING, by Francis Watson. *Appleton Century.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

TIRE is tempting and difficult, a snare the unwary. Nearly everyone some-ne or other feels an urge to express nself satirically, since no one is with-t dislikes. Even President Coolidge, cording to his Autobiography, intro-ced a note of satire into a speech he ade as an undergraduate. The speech d not go down well, and he took a solution never to be satirical again. is resolution he kept, becoming in e course President of the United ates.

Of the many who attempt satire, few cceed at it. How many have un-oductively gnashed their teeth to e Swift! To succeed, satire must be mprehensive. There's a great diffi-culty, since most of us make reservations in our indictment of Man and his activities. We laugh, say, at the *Daily Express*, but are solemn about *The Times*; we see the joke, say, of the Four-Square Gospel Mission, but not of the Archbishop of Canterbury; Rotary we easily mock, but a five-pound note has our awed respect. These reservations are fatal. The satirist must, as Flaubert brutally put it, want to drown all humanity in his vomit.

Mr. Ivor Brown is an incomplete satirist. In *The Great and the Goods* he makes excellent fun of a certain kind of graft. There is Mr. Edgar Strongith-arm Chirrup with his Technique of Triumphant Living, and his institution for enabling ambitious clergymen to become bishops, ignoramuses to become dramatic critics, Cabinet Ministers who have lost their seats to become mighty in the City. A great variety of pretentious log-rolling and rascality is amusingly exposed. Yet the doubt remains—supposing C. P. Chirrup, high-minded editor of a high-minded daily newspaper; supposing Noel Chirrup, author of *Cavalcade*; supposing Sir J. M. Chirrup, O.M., and the Rev. "Dick" Chirrup, and Professor Gilbert Chirrup. How would Mr. Brown react to these Chirrups?

The Virgin King is a satirical novel of the surrabelaisian school. It is about the son of a business peer who becomes Leader-King in a Central European State. His followers wear yellow shirts, despite which there is a praiseworthy absence of idealogizing, of dividing Fascist sheep from Communist goats or *vice versa*. Mr. Watson is erudite and amusing, and sometimes profound. His most entertaining character is Major Pike, a Court tailor with a weakness for drink. Florian, the Wandering Ancient, is rather a bore, and Paula deserves to wait in vain for King Stephen between her black sheets; but Major Pike is always delightful.

M. MUGGERIDGE

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Paul Scheffer wrote his article on the Moscow trial just before leaving Berlin to take up a new post as his paper's American correspondent. Till then he had been the *Berliner Tageblatt's* Editor-in-Chief, a difficult task for any journalist in the era of Dr. Goebbels, and by no means so congenial, one imagines, as the years he spent in Russia. So faithful and realistic was he in recording the doings and motives of the Soviets that he was eventually asked to leave the country. He brought back the reputation of being a most penetrating critic of the Soviet regime, and his impressions are to be found in his book *Seven Years in Soviet Russia.*

A year ago it was the common dictum about the Presidential election that Roosevelt was heading for defeat. Writing in these pages last June **H. B. Elliston** foretold that he would reassert his supremacy. He has indeed; and in the space of less than a month he has launched three bold and vast conceptions —the flood control scheme, the Supreme Court reform, and the great constitutional change which is Mr. Elliston's theme. The author, though first of all a financial journalist—he is Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* —is in close touch with Washington.

Dr. Robert William Seton-Watson, who is a foremost authority on the Balkans and Central Europe, last wrote for the FORTNIGHTLY on the occasion of Germany's repudiation of Locarno.

It is a far cry to the days when **Sir William Beach Thomas** was a war correspondent and one of Northcliffe's men on the *Daily Mail,* and now his riper years are spent in writing articles and books, of unvarying charm and intimate knowledge, about the countryside. His work appears mostly in the *Spectator* and the *Observer.*

Dr. George Frederick McCleary was, until 1933, Deputy Senior Medical Officer at the Ministry of Health. His interest in what has become a most serious problem of the day is shown by the publication of *The Menace of British Depopulation,* due to appear this month.

Hamilton Fyfe is too familiar a Fleet Street name to require any words of introduction, and **Raymond Jackson** is an unprofessional observer of politics in the Balkan countries, where in yearly visits he maintains contacts with officials and politicians.

Of **D. Graham Hutton,** a newcomer to our pages, who examines recent developments in international trade in the light of free trade orthodoxy, it is pertinent to mention that he has been for some years Assistant Editor of *The Economist.* He is a former lecturer at the London School of Economics. Mr. Graham Hutton's study of British policy since 1918 *Is it Peace?* was recently published by Duckworths.

Kenneth Williams specializes on the Near East and edits *Great Britain and the East.*

Caradoc Evans' role as the candid friend of his people recently led him into a brush with the B.B.C., who apparently found his manuscript of a broadcast talk too pungent for Welsh listeners.

No name among motoring journalists is better known than that of **John Prioleau,** who has been writing on the subject from very early years. One of his many books, *The Motorists' Companion,* has just been published.